

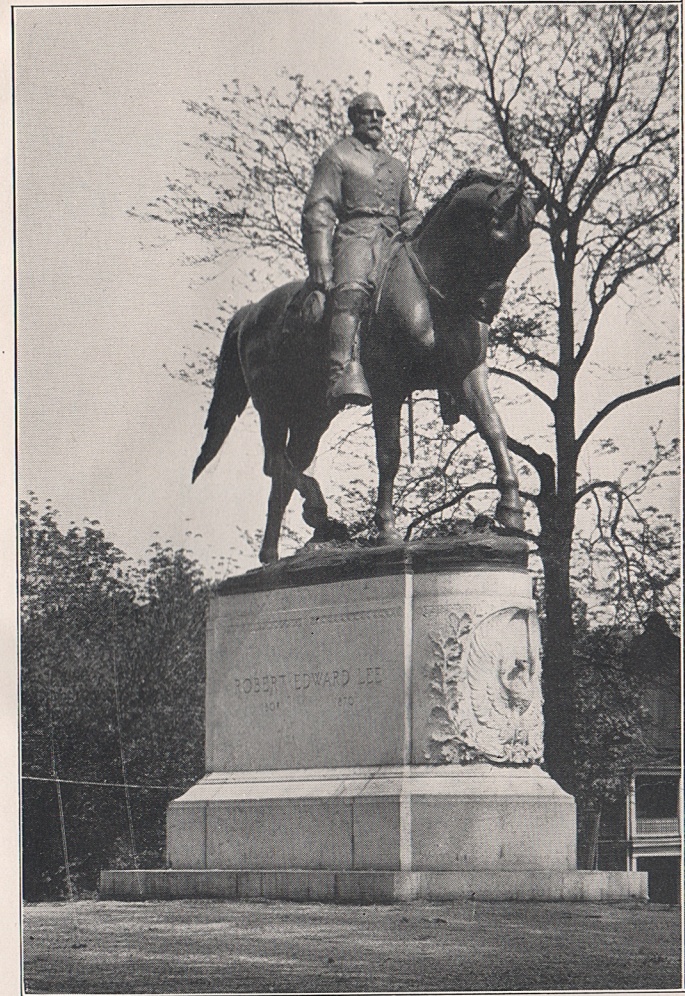
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37th Reunion Grand Camp, U. C. V.

and

29th Reunion, S. C. V.

1924



BRONZE STATUE OF ROBERT E. LEE, BY SHRADY AND LENTELLI,
UNVEILED AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, MAY 21, 1924

Dup.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

37th Annual Reunion of the Virginia
Division of the Grand Camp
U. C. V.

AND OF THE

29th Reunion of the Sons of
Confederate Veterans

AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

May 20, 21, 22, 1924

Compiled and Edited by

JOHN S. PATTON

R. T. W. Duke Camp, S. C. V.

Committee on Publication

C. B. Linney, Hollis Rinehart, T. E. Powers, B. F. Dickerson

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PREFACE

In four years two annual reunions of the Virginia Division of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans—the thirty-fourth and the thirty-seventh—have been held in Charlottesville. The thirty-fourth reunion was notable for many reasons, but especially for the unveiling of Keck's equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson in Jackson Park, when the veil was withdrawn by two grandchildren of General Jackson, Miss Anna Jackson Preston of Charlotte, N. C., and Thomas J. Jackson Christian of Utica, N. Y. The chief address was by Senator Patton Harrison of Mississippi. In presenting the statue on behalf of the giver, Mr. Paul Goodloe McIntire, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, said that in a high spiritual sense the presentation was to the valiant souls then living who fought beneath the Stars and Bars and in the belief that the statue will stand forever a symbol of victorious might in war, of single-heartedness in conduct, and an inspiration to those "who love their country well but freedom more." It is the gift, the speaker added, of a great home-loving, unselfish citizen, bred of this air and born of this soil, who thus seeks, through the majestic medium of art and beauty, to teach to other ages how moving and eternal are the qualities of courage and character, of action and principle, of loyalty and honor, when embodied in one strong, appealing, fascinating personality.

The second of these reunions was that held in May, 1924, whose record the projectors of this volume seek to make permanent and available. Interesting from beginning to end, the most important of the three days of the reunion was May 22, the one on which occurred, with reverent observances, the unveiling of the statue of Robert E. Lee.

Some years ago Mr. McIntire commissioned Henry W. Shradley to create a great bronze monument to the leader of the Confederate hosts. He had won a high place as a sculptor even before he had produced the Grant Memorial at the national capitol. The memorial was to be ready for unveiling in 1922, but the sculptor died in April of that year, having ac-

complished of his undertaking little more than a working model. Leo Lentelli, a young Italian artist who had studied under European masters, was engaged to complete what Shrady had begun. In the finished work General Lee is represented on his war-horse Traveler; horse and rider rising fourteen and a half feet from the top of the pedestal. The monument stands in Lee Park, one entire city square, which Mr. McIntire formed by purchasing the site and removing the buildings that were on it.

Paul Goodloe McIntire is a benefactor whose contributions benefit far more than the people of his own romantic town. He is a native of Charlottesville, a son of George M. McIntire and Catherine A. (Clarke) McIntire. There he was educated in the academy of Major Horace W. Jones and at the University of Virginia, and there he had his first experience in business. After nearly forty years in the hurly burly of the business game in Chicago and New York, occasionally suspended, as far as his participation was concerned, by sojourns in Europe and the East, whither the need of recreation and the appeal of art galleries and art ennobled cities called him, he returned to his native city to beautify and ennoble it in many ways. His first gift to Charlottesville was a monument in bronze to commemorate the explorations of Lewis and Clark, the former a native of Albemarle, who, commissioned by President Jefferson, "carried the flag of the young republic to the western ocean and revealed an unknown empire to the uses of mankind." This monument stands in Midway Park in front of Midway Public School.

This was followed by a monument of kindred commemoration to a native of Albemarle County, George Rogers Clark, sometimes called "the Hannibal of the West." Then he gave Keck's statue of Stonewall Jackson. Overlooking Lee Park is Charlottesville Library, one of the most beautiful structures of the kind in Virginia, which the people of his native city owe to Mr. McIntire's generosity.

To the University of Virginia, his alma mater, Mr. McIntire gave its School of Fine Arts for the fostering of arts, including

architecture and music, its School of Commerce, a wing of its hospital, and its out-door amphitheatre with its great organ.

Mr. McIntire is a devout doer. Following, where religion is concerned, the ancient paths unjostled by historic doubt or recent instances of wavering faith, he is a modern in the transmutation of his faith into performance. He looks up the workers in remote fields where schools and churches are few, and supports schools and churches in the mountain coves of his native county and in barren places elsewhere. He visits them and the leaders of the communities in which they are located, walking, like the mountaineers themselves, along many miles of obscure roads and paths, insists that these leaders make occasional contact with the outside world for their own growth and power and for the good of those they lead and teach, often furnishing the money for excursions to distant scenes.

J. S. P.

I.

THE GRAND CAMP ASSEMBLES

The thirty-seventh reunion of the Virginian Division of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans began in Charlottesville at 10 o'clock on the morning of May 20, 1924. The Veterans found the city ready for them, appropriately decorated, and hundreds of hospitable homes open to them.

But in the eagerness to receive and honor them there was no forgetfulness of other guests—the official ladies, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute and others, military and civic.

There are good reasons for believing that the Grand Camps had never before attracted to a reunion so many visitors as this one. Many came convinced that at this assembly and in the very near future they must see, if they see at all again, men who followed Lee and Jackson and Stuart, the Ashbys and other leaders who officered the greatest army the world has known of civilians turned soldiers to defend what they held as of greater worth than life. General W. B. Freeman estimates that the total number of Confederate Veterans living in Virginia does not exceed three thousand five hundred. Not less than five hundred of these mustered at Charlottesville.

All of the meetings of the Grand Camp of United Confederate Veterans were held in the Jefferson Theater. The first session began at 10 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, May 20, with prayer by Dr. Vernon I'Anson, chaplain general of the Virginia Division of the United Confederate Veterans, in the absence of Chaplain Dr. James C. Reid, who was detained by illness:

O Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for this day and for the occasion that called us together. We have assembled, O Lord, for the annual reunion of this Grand Camp and for the unveiling of the noble monument erected to the memory of thy Christian Servant, the great Christian Soldier and a wonderful teacher of young men and the great exemplar to the youth of the land, Robert Edward



BRONZE STATUE OF THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON, BY KECK,
UNVEILED AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, OCTOBER 19, 1921

Lee. We thank Thee for the wonderful providence which gave us the noble life for an example of this great leader and teacher of men and we bless Thee for giving us that kind-hearted, generous man, Mr. McIntire, who has given us this splendid equestrian statue that is to be unveiled and we pray thy blessing over all the meetings held at this time by so many of thy aged servants whom thou hast spared to be here, and we also pray Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, give us this day, our daily bread and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors and lead us not in temptation but deliver us from evil for thine is the Kingdom, the Power and Glory through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

Grand Commander C. B. Linney, then delivered his annual address.

THE GRAND COMMANDER:

Veterans, Daughters, Sons of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

With inexpressible joy and pleasure, and the deepest emotions of affection welling in our hearts, we welcome you to this historic city, and to the hearts and homes of this appreciative and waiting people. Time has not effaced any of the ineffable delight which was ours two years ago, when we met to honor the memory of the illustrious Jackson. And need I remind you that Confederate reunions are no ordinary occasions, but when associated with the princely gift of a splendid memorial to Lee, which you are here to receive and unveil on the morrow, it differentiates itself from all other reunions, becomes historic, and will pass into history not as the Charlottesville Reunion, but the Lee-McIntire Reunion, A. D., 1924.

Standing here in this august presence and amid these inspiring scenes and looking back through the long vista of the years to that splendid galaxy of heroes who have graced this trysting place with so much honor and distinction, I declare unto you that my very soul is filled with humility, as I assume the duties and privileges of the Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia. I therefore bespeak your kind indulgence and invoke

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your generous aid, that the exercises of this happy occasion, so auspiciously inaugurated to-day, may be in keeping with the traditions of a glorious past, and find its fruition and climax on the morrow, when in the presence of assembled thousands we gather to pay our tribute of admiration and affection for one whose fame has encircled the globe, and whose pure and unsullied character stands out, pre-eminently, in all history, without a peer.

My Comrades, God in his inscrutable providence has brought us thus far on our earthly pilgrimage, and we have passed another milestone in our history as a camp, replete with sacred and precious memories, lasting as time and immutable as eternity. And while these faltering steps, palsied hands and beclouded visions are irrevocable reminders that we are soon to come to the parting of the ways, the crossing of the bar and the rest in the shade of the trees, I thank God that we have lost nothing of our love for the Cause by the lapse of time, which has wisely served to intensify our devotion, and will only reach its climax when we have ceased to live, and answered the last roll-call. My Comrades, ours is a rich heritage, oh, how rich! Let no man take your crown of rejoicing or sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. And is it any wonder that our distinguished Governor out of the fullness of his patriotic soul, proclaimed to the people of Virginia that he had rather be, as he is, the son of a Confederate soldier, than to be the Governor of this old Commonwealth with all its honors and the emoluments of State.

When the great apostle to the Gentiles was making his masterly defense of the Gospel before the Roman centurion, his citizenship was impugned, and the proud and haughty Roman, in deep humility, had to confess that he purchased his freedom at a great price. Imagine if you will the heart of the great commoner, swelling with conscious pride as he exclaimed, "but I was free born." That's the priceless freedom.

Or follow the French soldier as he is arraigned for a great crime. The court is convened, the jury impaneled, and the vast gathered assembly intense with expectancy to hear the trial. The judge with solemn and measured tones asks the prisoner what is his defense. Raising his sleeveless arm to

heaven, he exclaims, "Nothing, your Honor, nothing. I fought with Napoleon at Waterloo." The crime is quickly expiated and amidst the shouts and huzzas of the populace he goes forth a free man. That's patriotism in action.

But, my comrades, what are these marvelous experiences compared with the glory, honor and immortality of the Confederate soldier? See him as he struggles up the bloody heights of Gettysburg, under the piercing and admiring eye of his great Commander, as he seeks with super-human effort to reach the goal and win the day. The decisive hour has come, and the fate of the Confederacy is hanging in the balance. Southern valor is to be put to the test, and to assert its supremacy. The battle is joined and with quick and measured step they advance upon the foe. The long line of infantry is being decimated at every step. Brigades are reduced to regiments, regiments to companies, companies to squads, and the curtain is soon to fall upon the unequal contest. But listen. It is the clarion call of the Captain of the last remaining squad struggling to reach the wall. With hat and sword extended above his head, and in the midst of the din and turmoil of the battle his clarion voice is ringing out, "Come on, men, come on. My God, would you live forever?" And they expire in a perfect halo of glory. Live, yes live, in the affection and admiration of their comrades. Live in the pride and adoration of the State that gave them birth. Live to equip an Angelo with vision so sublime that he may portray the heroes upon the canvas as fit bed-fellows for princes, to hang in the world's great gallery of deathless souls. Live to furnish inspiration and heroic theme for the orator, with words that burn, and thoughts that glow, that may live forever. The battle is over. The stillness of death reigns. My Comrades, is it too much to believe that as the silvery shades and gentle zephyrs of the quiet evening hour gather about the sacred and hallowed place, there were upturned faces, wreathed with raptured vision, gazing into the heavens to catch the compassionate and redeeming smile of the heavenly father, and ministering angels hovering round to convoy their spirits to the celestial shores?

When that princely giver and philanthropist, Paul G. McIntire, presented the city of Charlottesville and the University of

Virginia with those splendid equestrian statues of Jackson and Lee, the product of the genius of America's foremost sculptors, Shrady, Lentelli and Keck of New York, a committee of our most distinguished citizens were requested to write the inscriptions. They met, deliberated and deliberated, and came to the wise conclusion that the English language with all its variety, expression, beauty and poetry, was incapable of adding anything to the glory and immortality of the great soldiers, and today, the enduring granite bears the immortal names of Thomas Jonathan Jackson and Robert Edward Lee.

Had I the tongue of Jew or Greek, and nobler speech than angels use, or were the proud possessor of the eloquence of a Demosthenese, I could never reach the pinnacle of fame their own achievement hath wrought.

God forbid that I should ever be guilty of the sin of irreverence, but, my Comrades, it seems to me that there is an immeasurable depth of kinship between the Supreme Sacrifice that purchased the redemption of the world from sin, and that of a soul, created in the image of his Maker, endowed with superhuman intelligence, penetration and marvelous solution of the many intricacies of life and with Godlike power to suffer and endure, who can lay down his life upon the altar of freedom that he may emancipate his country from the thralldom of oppression, bring deliverance to the captive and set at liberty those who are dearer to him than life itself.

But, my comrades, men like Pilate are ever asking what is Truth, and the answer comes back with wondrous import. Truth is the eternal principle of right, is Godlike, and will prevail. The battlefield, often the inevitable arbiter of fate, may decide the issue; the camp fires may cease to burn; the bivouac become a deserted hamlet; the dreary midnight march a thing of the past; the bugle may sound the requiem of the last defender of a lost cause; the affectionate grasp of the hand of a Lee, given when silence is golden, and the parting word spoken with emotions that fill the deepest recesses of the soul, be said; but with spirits undaunted and desolation on every hand, the men of the Gray passed down the road to their happy but impoverished homes, singing as they went, "Home, Sweet Home,"

and caught the inspiring refrain, wafted on every passing breeze:

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

But, my comrades, there is a more beautiful and inspiring picture. One that we delight to look upon with pride and intense devotion—the companion picture. When the last ration had been issued to the army, there came that sublime, impassioned and never-to-be-forgotten midnight assault on the enemies' lines at Petersburg, and the rationless march to Appomattox, with the last act in the drama that was to close the scene forever. All hope seemed to have been lost, and a night of gloom to settle down upon a defeated and cheerless people, when there was a rift in the cloud, and the shadows lifted, and the evening star as a light that shineth in a dark place ushered in the day star of hope, like unto the Bethlehem star, that was to point us into fresh fields of endeavor, and to put a new song in our mouth. And there was born a new Confederacy, not of the debris and ashes of the old, with its failures and misfortunes, but of the sublime courage and devotion of the Godly women of the South, whose inspiring sacrifices, heroic deeds and moral courage exceeded that of the battlefield, and the devotion of the Spartan mother. And there was instilled into the minds and hearts of their sons and daughters a sacred reverence for the fathers of the Confederacy, and the imperishable principle, that a people could never pass from the earth while honor and love of country remain. And there was the institution of the beautiful and appropriate memorial days, commemorative of the gallant deeds of our dead but ever living heroes. And in joyous springtime, dame nature brings the tribute of her fragrant flowers to be laid on the altar of our devotion, and God's acre, the bivouac of the dead, becomes more sacred than storied urn or consecrated dust of kings.

But remembering that all things Confederate have their fruition and consummation in the celebration of the natal days of our great chieftains Lee and Jackson, Daughters, Sons and Veterans assemble for the feast of reason and the flow of soul,

when oratory, song and music unite in one grand hallelujah of acclaim to the heroes of the Confederacy. Here the orator finds his theme, his inspiration, the musician reaches hither to untouched chords of sweetness, mingled with past and sacred associations, and the veteran fulfillment of all things here below in the exaltation and sympathy of the sons and daughters of the South. Here is made to live again in the old songs that inspired him for the heroic deeds of the yesterday, and as they gather in memory around the camp fires to recount the experiences of the battle and to drop a tear for the departed one, they catch fresh courage for the battle of the morrow and swear eternal allegiance to the Cause, and undying devotion to the memory of the one that is gone.

Would you know the secret of their valor and heroic deeds born in the crucible of trial and defeat, look you to their subsequent years of patriotism and love of a united country and witness the same patriotism, exemplified in their sons of to-day, which so richly endowed their progenitors of a heroic past. And as we look into the fair faces of the Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy and witness their intense enthusiasm, zeal and devotion for the Cause, we catch a new vision of the future, and see the day rapidly approaching when these stately monuments, mausoleums and battle abbys erected to our great leaders will not stand alone, but there will be cherished, sacred and hallowed memories of the principles and virtues for which their fathers fought and died that will live and abide when bronze and marble shall have crumbled into dust. And what shall I say of the righteousness of the Cause for which they sacrificed all, counting not their own lives dear unto themselves, that they might win imperishable fame? Let the victor answer union, policy, expedience. *We* answer, justification under the constitution is our defense. There we leave the Cause with the unbiased historian who will, in time, accord us due mead of praise and an honorable verdict.

And now, my comrades, what more beautiful thought or inspiring message can I leave with you than Tennyson's immortal lines:

"CROSSING THE BAR"

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

A committee on credentials was appointed, consisting of: General McKim Evans, Colonel O. B. Morgan, of Richmond, and Colonel Edgar Warfield, of Alexandria.

The afternoon session of the Annual meeting of the Virginia Division, U. C. V. convened at 2:30, Major General W. R. Freeman presiding. He delivered his annual address as follows:

My Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is almost bewildering to enter into the festivities and the fellowship of a reunion like this. Across the chasm of the past we shake hands with those who escaped the throes of war; and in memory we commune with those who gave their lives for our righteous cause. But there is still in our ranks a strong rear guard keeping step with a firm tread, following the immortal heroes who have already ascended the everlasting heights of glory.

It gives me joy to see so many survivors, vigorous and hale, ready to winter the storms and waiting joyously for the twilight and the shadows.

But I shall not detain you but for a few moments to put before you some information which I consider of the most vital importance. As is known to most of you, the American Legion is now preparing and will soon publish a school history for use in the schools of our entire country. I need not speak here of the need of a true history of our people of the southland. You know what we have had, and how long we have combatted the errors put before our children in the form of history.

The publishing committee of this new history applied to General Haldeman to read the proof and see to it that it should be fair to our people. He in turn asked me to do this work. I did not feel that I could assume such a responsibility without the help of a trained historian. Together we went over the entire manuscript, (about 150 galleys), and I am delighted to say that the history is absolutely fair, tracing as it does the entire history of our country from its discovery, through the colonial days, the foundation of our government, the stormy days of the forties and fifties, in dealing with the slavery question and the abolition thereof, the secession of the states, the war, and the dark reconstruction days following the war.

In all of this, we find nothing whatever that is objectionable. This finding is to be finally presented to our United Confederate Veterans Association for approval.

Following General Freeman, the Hon. Don P. Halsey, of Lynchburg, addressed the convention on behalf of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

MR. HALSEY:

Sir Commander, Veterans and Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Greetings of love, honor, devotion and veneration to you, gray-haired soldiers of the Old South, remaining survivors of the glorious warriors who carried the starlit banners of the Confederacy from victory unto victory and from defeat unto

undying fame. May your sojourn in this beloved and beautiful city bring you unceasing joy as you mingle with your comrades and recall the memory of those golden days of your youth when you lived in the romance of chivalry of war and of danger. From old Lynchburg, whose battle-scarred veterans were your companions in so many of your heroic exploits, I bring you greetings and good wishes for health, happiness and prosperity for many years to come. If any reporter present should care to mention what I have to say, I hope he will get that word "battle-scarred" correctly, and not write it down as it was once done concerning a gallant veteran. The reporter made it "battle-scare," and when the old fellow came around next day to whip the editor, he was assured that it would be corrected. But the imp of the perverse got among the types again, and the next issue had it "bottle-scarred." Yes, from old Lynchburg, a battle-ground and a memory-haunted shrine of the Confederacy, I bring you affectionate and heart-felt salutations, and assure you that your place in her heart is eternal, that she still loves to hear the old voice of honor calling to duty, and will cherish your deeds forever.

In the fateful days of that great conflict which divided our beloved country in twain and bathed its soil in the blood of thousands of the best and brightest of its sons, the troops of Stonewall Jackson, on one of those quick marches through the Valley of Virginia, were one day passing a farmhouse, when a young soldier was seen to step from the ranks and linger a moment beside a rural burying-ground. Twice before, during the campaign, he had done this, and this kind-hearted commander inquired of him to know who was laid to rest there "under the shade of the trees." With trembling lips and faltering tongue the young soldier replied: "Near the beginning of the war my brother was killed (there were only two of us) and father and mother and I had barely enough money to get his body home from the field. We buried him here, and General, I have this to ask from you: Every time that we pass by, I want to be allowed to halt a moment and give him a tear. It is all I can do for him now." And so, out of a similar feeling, we sometimes think that this is all that we can do for our Confederate dead—to call a halt once in awhile upon the busy

march of life to drop a tear of tender love and sacred memory upon their graves, and lay upon them the garlands of affectionate remembrance. But there is more than this that we can do. Beautiful, indeed, is the custom of Memorial Day, when we consider it a hallowed privilege to bedeck their graves with flowers, and "oft in Springtime, when the roses bloom," will we scatter love's sweet incense o'er the spot where "after life's fitful fever they sleep well." But there is a higher duty yet than this that we owe them. To our hands is committed the sacred trust of defending against those who would misrepresent and defame them, the sacred memories of those valiant and heroic men, and of the righteous cause for which they fought. The soldiers of the South have too long been placed at a disadvantage in the way the history of their great struggle has been written, and we owe it to them and to ourselves to see to it that their deeds shall be truthfully perpetuated in our traditions and our history, for—I say it boldly—in the history of no people, ancient or modern, can be found a nobler record of manliness, of self-denying endurance, of desperate, faultless valor and brilliant daring, and of heroic fortitude in the hour when "death whirled in his dance on the bloody ground" than is found in the story of you, venerable fathers, and of your comrades who sleep beneath the azure arch of Heaven's lofty dome in this land where "the battle's red blast has flashed to the future the fame of the past," and which was the birthplace and burial-ground of "the storm-cradled nation that fell." The men who fought for the Confederacy not only believed, but knew their cause was just, and they, therefore, gave to it the best years of their manhood, "the faith of their souls and the blood of their bodies," and when at last its sun had set at Appomattox, in a mist of blood and tears, they who were left behind "wrapped its memory in their loyal hearts, and death will find it there." By the help of the Lord God of truth and justice, we will be faithful to this trust. We will perpetuate the story of those, who, by heroic sacrifice and valor, such as the world had never seen before, struggled to maintain the empire of principle in the earth, and who, with honor stainless and consciences inviolate, laid down their lives in the fulfillment of their task, nor shall their glory be forgotten while the

stars keep their everlasting watch above their hallowed dust, or the sunset lights its crown of splendor on the eternal hills. We shall ever maintain, whatever partisan historians may say, that it was the most sacred devotion to principle, and the highest type of true patriotism, that caused the men of the South to struggle valiantly for four long years on glory-flooded fields, and that we of the succeeding generations have as just a right to feel pride in the record made by our fathers who fought beneath the waving folds of the Stars and Bars as have those whose fathers fought beneath the old flag of the Stars and Stripes, the flag we all now love to call "Old Glory."

For I hold that true patriotism and unswerving loyalty to the Union are perfectly consistent with undying reverence and devoted love for the cause of the Confederacy. I am one of the generation born after the war, but the son of a man whose proudest boast was that he was a soldier of the South, and I would not exchange that heritage "for all the gold and silver piled up in the treasury vaults, for the proudest crest on the heraldry of knighthood, nor for the grandest crown that ever sparkled on a monarch's brow." And speaking for the men and women whose fathers followed Lee and Jackson, I unhesitatingly assert that, while we have no bitterness in our hearts towards those who followed Grant and Sherman, while to the nation that survived the conflict we render loyalty and patriotic citizenship, holding it the freest, the grandest, the brightest and best of all the empires, kingdoms and republics upon which the sun looks down in his circuit through the heavens; while of the "New South" of which Grady spoke, with its glory of achievement and promise of splendor we are proud and confident; yet at the same time, we have no sympathy with any "New South" that disparages the old; we are proud of the land of our birth and the memories that surround her name, and we feel that the young men or young women who do not feel proud that their fathers fought beneath the starry flag of the Confederacy, a flag, which, thank God, dishonor never touched, are false to their native land—aye, false to the very stars that shine above her, and false to the God beyond them! We have nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing to apologize for, and the brave and generous of the North will not yield us respect, but, rather,

contempt, if we assume any other attitude. Away, then, with any false notion of a "New South," ashamed of its past and denying its heroes! If the South is ever to take the full and equal part in the restored Union to which it is by right entitled, it is not upon any maudlin "New South," but upon the broad and solid foundations of the *Old South* that we are to build—the Old South with its old courage, its old courtesy, its old reverence for women, its old fortitude in trial, its old spirit of pride in its history, its old devotion to principle and its old traditions of truth and honor and loyalty and right! If there ever was a time when the South needed to prove its loyalty to our reunited country, that time is long since past. The silver tongues of Grady and Gordon and Daniel and many others long ago proclaimed that loyalty, and in two great wars the sons of the South have sealed it with their blood. When in 1898 the despotic flag of Spain was swept forever from the western world, the first blood shed in that behalf was that of Worth Bagley, of North Carolina. And when, in the greatest of all wars, our country became the deciding factor in the victory for the right, it was the boys from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and the lowlands of Louisiana, as well as the boys from the Green Mountains of Vermont, the plains of Indiana and the golden shores of California, who gave up their lives upon the altar of liberty, and added to the glorious names of Trenton, Saratoga and Yorktown, of Manassas, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Appomattox, the gold-starred and immortal names of Chateau-Thierry and the Forest of Argonne.

As a citizen, then, of a truly reunited country, I salute you, well-beloved soldiers, not as heroes of a "lost cause," but as the surviving remnant of that immortal host who wrote the name of Confederate soldier in letters of flame across the skies, whose deeds shine more resplendent as the years roll on, and whose glory it is to have stood firm in the face of overwhelming odds for those eternal principles of right upon which our government was founded, and upon which it must forever stand. For already the voice of history speaks your vindication, and the statesmen, jurists and political philosophers of ev-

ery land recognize that in that righteous conception of State sovereignty combined in a Union with expressly granted powers for which you fought—a Union of States “as distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea”—is held the hope, not only of America, but of the world, not only of one nation, but of humanity.

There was no evening session of the Confederate Veterans. The evening was devoted to the formal welcome to official ladies. That part of the reunion program was assigned to the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

II

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

The first meeting of the twenty-ninth reunion of the Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, was held in the Masonic Temple at 10 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, May 20, with Commander Lee O. Miller in the chair.

A second meeting was held in the afternoon to receive reports of the Division Commander and Division Adjutant, Staff Officers and committees.

At 8 o'clock, in the Jefferson Theatre, occurred the formal welcome and presentation of official ladies. Albert S. Bolling, Commander of R. T. W. Duke Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, introduced the State Commander, who upon assuming the chair delivered the following address:

Comrade Commander, His Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, Daughters of the Confederacy and Comrades:

Just a few years ago we were invited to the city of Charlottesville to pay a tribute of love and to honor one whose name has pointed the way to every son of the South. We unveiled the statue of General “Stonewall” Jackson. Today we are gathered in this same city to pay again a tribute of love, and to honor one whose name and life is a beacon ray to the men of the world, to guide them to the highest things in life. We will on the morrow unveil a statue of Robert Edward Lee. The life of Lee is studied by soldiers to learn a lesson in strategy,

by historians to teach the world the effect of his life in the making of a nation, but as I turn the pages of the life of Lee I love to study the nobility of his character, his faith in God and his love for humanity. I cannot understand the details of his military plans; I know in a small way the effect of his life in the American Nation, but when I read of the gentleness of his nature, his faith in his fellow-man, I can understand why a young man can well follow the teaching of his life.

On behalf of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, of which organization I have the honor of being the Commander, I wish to express appreciation of the welcome you have given us, and I know that the hospitality shown us is exemplary of your love to the cause which is represented by the white haired men in this assemblage tonight. Followers of Lee and Jackson, I greet you on behalf of the Sons. I believe that I can safely say that our hearts are filled with something of the same spirit which animated you more than sixty years ago, that our love for the cause for which you gave your all is just as warm as the love of the youth of 1861. You have done your part by your country; you have lived your noble life and now it is our duty to keep alive, not the prejudice of a wronged people, not the battle you waged, but the ideals which you held to be sacred, the memory of your deeds and the heroism which so enriched your country. Let me take you back over the years to about 1860. We see a comfortable home in the hills of Virginia; after the work of the day, the family gathered about the fireside planning the future of the boy of the home, all the aspiration and desire of the father in the future of the son. Hear the sound of the trumpet calling to the colors of Virginia that boy in whom you placed hopes. See him march to battle. Could I tell you of the next four years of suffering, hardships and danger in that boy's life, the countless sleepless nights, the numberless days of constant marching, the fires of hell through which he passed, but this I cannot do. I know that one day he comes home; no it is not home for the enemies of civilization passed that way and in their wake left a trail of charred and ruined houses, farms and people. But the spirit that drove you into battle was with you still, the desire to gather together the

remnant and build a nation inspired you, and today on the sunset side of life you behold a land of love and peace. This is a debt we of the Sons owe to you, and this debt shall be paid by our constancy to the ideals for which you fought. After the war as you sat in that which was once your home I wonder if you thought that your fight was vain, that your cause was unjust, that the principles for which you fought were wrong? Now, after fifty years, you behold the president of this country, another Virginian, sounding the call "to arms" both South and North to defend the same principles for which you made your sacrifice.

The work of the Sons is bearing fruit. Our labors are not in vain. We are carrying onward those same ideals, but the success we have attained is largely due to the fair daughters of the South. At every turn in the road, at every difficult task we lay our hands to, we find these staunch supporters of the South, willing and eager to assist. I believe I am justified in saying that without the assistance of the women little could we accomplish. In establishing new Camps in the Division they have assisted materially and the large increase in the last two years is the result of the co-operation of the Daughters.

At the Monroe celebration, last winter, in the city of Richmond the stalwart leader of democracy, William Jennings Bryan, after a visit to the monuments in the city, said that this state was truly a state of monuments. In the western states, that great stretch of country in which many southerners after the war made their home, had very few reasons to erect monuments, but the State of Virginia so rich in history, the state that has produced so many great men and bore such an important part in making our nation, is so fortunate in having the reason for monuments. The city of Baltimore is often referred to as the Monumental City, surely if there is a Monumental State Virginia is that state. We delight in the monuments of our leaders, we are making the memories of the people of our state as lasting as bronze and granite, but these tributes are lasting only as long as the elements will permit, but we of the South, in our hearts have the love of the heroes of the Confederacy. That is a monument that will last as long as there are women in our South.

Some time ago I was present at a meeting which was being addressed by a very prominent gentleman from Massachusetts. He was loud in his praise of Virginia and things Virginian. He paid glowing tribute to the progress our state is making, of the traditions with which we were enriched. He said, however, Massachusetts had many things in common with Virginia, both in history and in progress, that Virginia had her Jamestown and Massachusetts her Plymouth Rock; Virginia had her Yorktown and Massachusetts had her Bunker Hill; Virginia had her Robert E. Lee—the gentleman paused as if unable to find a parallel. He could not match the name of Robert E. Lee, and friends, not Massachusetts or any other state, not this nation or any other nation in this world has yet been able to match the name of Robert E. Lee. Virginia did not stop there in giving the world unmatched men. When the crisis came in humanity's struggle for freedom, we did not turn to the North nor to the West, we of Virginia did not seek beyond the borders of our fair state for one in whom we must look for guidance, for there was one Virginian in the Capitol at Washington, one who later died as the result of battle wound, one who was as surely a martyr as was the unknown soldier at Arlington. And if this government of ours exists for a thousand years, yes, if the world sustains the shocks of battle in years to come, no state, government or nation can ever match the name of the Virginian, Woodrow Wilson.

Commander Miller then presented Councilman John R. Morris, who welcomed the city's guests on behalf of Mayor Joachim:

Mr. Commander, Confederate Veterans, Official Ladies, Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As a representative of the City Government, it is my great privilege to welcome you to-night.

Confederate veterans, we welcome you for the sake of the great cause you represent, and for the sake of those great leaders whom you followed through four years of hardship and privation greater than which no body of men in the history of

the world went through. We love and honor you for the noble example you have set by your unselfish devotion to, and sacrifice for, that great cause which you believed to be right and just.

In this period of world unrest, when our generation is confronted by complex questions on every hand, we are inspired by the example you set for us, when at the close of the civil war you took up the threads of life under the most adverse conditions, and with vision, courage and determination started in to rebuild your homes and to develop this great Southland of ours, until to-day it stands forth as a noble monument to you and your comrades. Realizing what you have done, we of the younger generation should face with undaunted spirit the problems that confront us and with clear insight, calm judgment and undaunted spirit grapple with and successfully solve them. We pledge ourselves to hand down from generation to generation a true record of your great achievements and ever to keep them fresh in the hearts and minds of our children, and our children's children until time is no more.

Daughters of the Confederacy, we welcome you, worthy successors of noble mothers. We admire, honor and love you for your unselfish work in caring for and sustaining these veterans in their declining years, and for preserving the records of their unparalleled achievements. You have displayed at all times the same spirit that prompted your ancestors to give their all to the great cause of the Confederacy.

Official Ladies, we welcome you as a part of this sacred organization.

Sons of Confederate Veterans, we welcome you noble representatives of hero fathers, knowing that the same courage and devotion that prompted your ancestors to give their all for the sacred cause will, whenever the occasion arises, cause you to stand with unbroken front for whatever is right and just.

At this twilight hour, the spirit of that great American citizen, who did so much towards the establishing of this great nation of ours, and whose resting place is on yon mountain top, hovers over us, and joins with us in giving you welcome. May your stay be pleasant and may the memories of this reunion go

with you through the coming years, and abide with you until you are called to join your leaders and comrades on the other shore.

In conclusion may I pause for a moment to pay tribute to the man, who by his vision and generosity has given to this community so many works of art, which will not only be a source of great pleasure and benefit to the citizens of this community, but through the medium of the students of the University of Virginia, the benefit of these works of art will be spread from coast to coast, and will draw attention of the whole country to our beautiful city. Words cannot express the appreciation this community feels to Mr. Paul Goodloe McIntire for his generosity in this and other lines. These monuments will ever remain to remind us of the heroic deeds and great service rendered our country by these sons of Virginia, in whose memories they are erected.

As we gaze upon these bronze figures representing Lee, Jackson, Lewis and Clark and George Roger Clark, they bring to our minds the words of the great American poet:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Governor Trinkle responded.

THE GOVERNOR:

Responding to your gracious greetings of welcome it is with mingled pleasure and pride that I address you. For again, as of old, through the streets of this storied city are heard the

martial strains of Dixie, and again, as in the olden time in that sweet land where we were dreaming, the Stars and Bars unfurl their beauty to the breath of a Southern breeze.

Let us make glad today in this, our reunion—a reunion of traditions, a reunion of memories, a reunion of hearts. The world, we are told, has progressed since the days of 1860; that commerce, that industry, that life, are now conducted along more progressive and gigantic lines. The peoples of the earth have just emerged from a conflict of the nations. But neither the World War, nor the world itself, has been able in its progress to produce a peer to that matchless chieftain, that peerless Christian gentleman, that stainless leader of a stainless cause—Robert Edward Lee.

There are figures in history, my friends, which typify more than an era; which are emblematic of the purity and of the strength of a people. Such were those Pillars of Hercules of the Confederate States—Jackson and Lee.

As I look upon your uniforms today the memory of my father arises before me. For he, too, was a soldier of that Government which arose in splendor, which was maintained in honor, and which sank in glory. As I honor the memory of my father, so honor I those men who fought side by side with my father. And in this spirit of veneration, of honor and of affection, I respond to your welcome today.

Soldiers of the South, now that the battle smoke of the sixties has passed from your vision, it may be that you can discern more clearly and gaze with calmer and more steadfast eyes into the vista of a nearer future. It has now been more than fifty years since the war drums ceased their throbbing and the battle flags were furled. Passion and prejudice and sectional pride are not now what they were at the close of the four years of the mighty conflict. And yet today, out of the far silence of the sky, I seemed to hear the thin, clear call of a trumpet. Jackson must be on guard over the battlements of eternity and his bugler sends a greeting to the men still left behind.

Virginia joins in that greeting to the soldiers of the Southern States. She feels that in your presence she is honored. She knows that in your company she is happy. As you helped to

guard her in the days of her peril, even to the sacrifice of your blood, so she delights to lavish upon you an undying affection, which is sprung from obligation and respect. The uniform which you wear is the livery of honor, the cause which you served is a passport to glory, each of your wounds is a badge of courage, the records of your service is a title, to immortality.

There are no soldiers, in the estimation of Virginia, like the gray-clad hosts which fought side by side with our fathers. Down the long line of years we still hear the roll of their kettle drums, the sound of their marching, the songs of their bivouac. The strains of Dixie, which so gladden our hearts today, still fashion the music of our dreams. And often in dreams again we see the long line of Confederate battle pressing forward.

Inveterate in virtue, with that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound, the leaders of the "Lost Cause" still pass before our mental vision, directing the movements of their men. The campaigns of the Valley, the fighting at Malvern Hill and Cold Harbor, the battles of Spotsylvania Court House, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg and Manassas, still represent to the heart and to the pride of Virginia that glory that was Jackson and that grandeur that was Lee.

Out of those days of imperishable splendor you, my friends, are bequeathed by time as the last living memorials. To be numbered among the veterans of the armies of the Confederacy is, in itself, to be named a hero. It is a glorious inheritance to hand down to your children, it is a deathless legacy to pass on to posterity. To such of us here today as enjoy the privilege of your presence the memory will remain as something sacred through life.

Soldiers of the South, I respond to your welcome, in the name and with the love of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Greetings from the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans was offered by the Hon. Carter R. Bishop of Petersburg.

MR. BISHOP:

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, and the allied and beautified Powers here assembled, whose inspiration is that Cause

which *was*, and *is* and always *will be* strong with the strength of Right and immortal with the immortality of Truth.

The Chief Executive of this Commonwealth has just proclaimed condign punishment to any speaker wasting more than ten minutes of this glorious occasion; and you know Virginians are very zealous in regard to observing and enforcing laws—pardon me—I mean home-made laws. So I shall have to be guided by his caution and abandon the beautiful two hours and a half oration that I had prepared, and keep my eyes on the clock so thoughtfully put up there by those in charge, which like the railroad signal says “Main Line, Stop!” Though, with all the modesty of a vestal virgin I might suggest that Henry A. Wise of blessed memory, once spoke five days and about two hours before he concluded, threw up both hands and exclaimed, “Great Heavens! How my ideas do crowd me!”

But it is military to be brief and soldierly to be emphatic. A soldier can cover the whole situation with few words.

Do any of you recall the account of the Battle of the Crater at Petersburg, given to the press by the Confederate War Department? The battle was one of the most desperate of the war and certainly one of the most unique encounters known to history. A fort whose garrison had been destroyed by a subterranean explosion was held by twenty-five thousand Federals with forty thousand reserves at hand to be thrown in as soon as the casualties made room for them on the field and was retaken by 3,000 Confederates, two-thirds of them assembled by dividing a portion of the line miles away. Eight hundred of Mahone’s men charged and dislodged ten thousand, driving them into the pit made by the explosion where those that survived were captured when Saunders made the last charge with 600 men, saving the city and the army of Northern Virginia.

I committed to memory the report sent by General Lee and published by the *Richmond Dispatch* in its next issue. It was in these words:

“The enemy sprang a mine under one of our salients this morning. In the confusion incident to the explosion they captured a portion of our line from which they were subsequently driven with loss.” Two short sentences!

I imagine I can see Col. Walter Taylor eager to at least say “very heavy loss” and hear Marse Bob saying “Omit adjectives, Colonel Taylor.”

Another evidence of military brevity, let me cite.

I hold in my hand a sheet of Confederate note paper, such as you old fellows used sixty years ago when writing to the pretty girls at home. At the top is written:

“This is to certify that I have known Private Nelson Baker for several years and attended him for some time. He stammers very badly and makes a poor soldier unfit I think for active service.

John Herbert Claiborne, Surgeon.
Petersburg, Nov. 22, 1862.”

Just below we read:

“Quartermasters Department
Petersburg, Virginia Nov. 24th 1862

Respectfully forwarded to General G. W. Smith, Richmond, Virginia, with the request that Private Nelson Baker, Company K, Seventh Virginia Cavalry be detailed to serve as teamster in my department. Surgeon Claiborne states that he stutters very badly and is unfit for active service. He will however serve as a teamster.

E. B. Branch,
A. A. Quartermaster.”

Now turn it over and read the endorsement:

“Hdqrs. Army N. V.
Fredericksburg, Dec. 1st 1862

Respectfully returned disapproved.

A soldier requires but few words in the discharge of his duty.

R. E. Lee, General.”

Can I cite higher or more explicit authority? Certainly not to this court.

But even though I am allowed but a few minutes, I must compliment you old soldiers on the reports sent in to Head-

quarters. I know that the most irksome duty that camp officers have to discharge is making out reports. And yet you have done it with commendable promptness and care because you are Confederate Soldiers from whom sixty years could not eradicate the conviction that nothing is as important as orders. The inspiration of the Confederate Soldier was that orders must be obeyed. When he had discharged this supreme duty, he was content to leave the result to higher powers, knowing men could do no more. The spirit embodied in some of these reports is worthy of special mention. One dear old fellow after answering the few questions on my form says:

"I am the only living member of this Camp. I fill all the offices and am remitting dues for ten men."

I found myself smiling at his simple statement of absorbing all the rank and dignity of the Staff and recalling one of Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" with which we amused ourselves and our sweethearts fifty years ago. It recites that a young gentleman—I think he must have been a reporter—sauntering on Ramsgate Beach encountered a weather beaten old salt who was muttering to himself:

"For I am the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And the boatswain tight and the midship-mite
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Being a newspaper man, he sought an explanation of a statement that seemed to him at least complex, saying:

"O, elderly man, it is little I know
Of the duties of man at sea;
But I'll eat my hand, if I understand
How it is that you can be
At once the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And the boatswain tight and the midship-mite
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And the Ancient Mariner elucidated:

It seemed that the Brig "Nancy" had been cast away on a barren island where they were compelled to subsist entirely on

themselves and as he was rescued as the sole survivor he represented in his own proper—or improper—person the whole ship's company and so became

"At once the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig
And the boatswain tight and the midship-mite
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Having had my laugh, I sat pondering his artless statement till the glorious spirit of it broke in upon me. It was worth a hundred times the amount he remitted to enjoy the thrill that his message gave me, I knew that he must have been the ensign of his regiment. He remembered that the cautionary order for a charge was "Forward! Guide centre! Dress and close in on the colours!"

I can see him now with the battle flag of the 6th, the 12th, the 41st or some other Virginia regiment in the fire and smoke of a crucial contest. The untarnished fame of the regiment is in his keeping. Let others falter or fall his duty is to hold aloft the colours and advance. And when there is no "touch of elbows" on either side of him, he knows he is the whole regiment. All its glory and honour is his and he will maintain it. So he stands till relieved by orders or death! What an example!

Don't talk to me about letting any camp disband while it has two members! A camp has no authority to disband and never dies. When its last sentry has gone off post, his camp furls its banner and takes its place in the eternal bivouac of the blessed Parthenon of hallowed memories as an inspiration for coming generations, to the end of time; and who knows but that it may have its share in the happiness of eternity?

And now in spite of the condign punishment—that is promised me for trespassing on your time, Mr. President, I must refer to the message found in another one of the camp reports.

And by the way this reminds me that I have not paid tribute to the assembled loveliness on this rostrum which by its dazzling suggestion of sweet-sixteen deludes us into thinking we are just about eighteen. No, I have not attempted such a tribute because I know I could not do justice to the subject. Still

in my shame and confusion in confessing such inability I am comforted with the conviction that *nobody else could either*.

But if a stranger were to step in that door to-night and ask what these old gray soldiers fought for, every veteran would rise in his place and point in eloquent silence to the beautiful picture here presented; and the stranger would confess himself sufficiently answered.

Some one of you old fellows after filling out his report felt that he had not entirely unburdened his soul and so like Silas Wegg he "dropped into poetry in a friendly way," and quoting his timely sentiment I give you this toast:

"Here's to the Daughters who have nobly done their duty,
May they live many years and still retain their beauty."

Major General W. B. Freeman of Richmond, Commander of the Virginia Division, U. C. V., greeted the official ladies on behalf of the Virginia Division of Confederate Veterans.

GENERAL FREEMAN:

Mr. Chairman, My Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a cherished privilege and a pleasure that I bring to the official ladies the greetings and good wishes of the United Confederate Veterans of Virginia.

True, this remnant of the men, your fathers, who stood on the battle line in the great war between the states, is fast being decimated by the casualties of unchangeable destiny. But there is still a strong rearguard, keeping step, and closing up the ranks as they follow the immortal column of those who have ascended the everlasting heights beyond the skies.

The record these men have made in contending for human liberty, the right of self-determination, will live forever. The judgment of all right thinking men approves of what they did, and the sentiment is growing all the while and everywhere. It will never die.

It is a cheering message that I bring you today, the message that a history is now being prepared that will do justice to the Confederate cause. The high principles for which it contended, the splendid heroism on the field of battle, and the

knightly conduct of officers and men of the armies of the Confederacy is a heritage of which our beloved southland may justly be proud. All over our united country, these things are becoming better understood and more appreciated.

The American Legion is now engaged in preparing a school history designed to take its place in all American schools. Very naturally they want it reviewed and approved by the United Confederate Veterans. The Committee asked our Commander-in-Chief, General W. B. Haldeman, to do this. He in turn, appointed your speaker to undertake the work. Naturally I did not feel competent to assume such responsibility. I was, however, fortunate in finding a man to assist me who is a thorough historian, and together we have carefully scrutinized every word of the text. I am glad to say, that so far as we have gone, the book is absolutely fair and just. It will be a great day when this history supplants all of the objectionable and sectional histories that the rising generation has had to endure.

To you, Sons, I would say as a final word, go on with your great and good work. Multiply and strengthen your camps throughout our beloved southland until the whole territory is covered, and hold yourselves in readiness to inherit the charters of the veteran camps so that you can carry on the good work for all time.

Mrs. Charles H. H. Thomas of the University of Virginia presented the greetings of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. THOMAS:

Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have the honor to be designated by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to convey to you our warmest greetings and welcome.

I esteem it a great privilege to have been present at the unveiling of the statue of General "Stonewall" Jackson last October; how much greater privilege is this opportunity to be invited to pay tribute to that peerless leader, General Robert E. Lee.

Charlottesville is proud to own such a work of art, and is

duly thankful to Mr. Paul G. McIntire who has done so much to enhance the beauty of our community.

I will not offer you the keys of the city, for you will find all doors unlocked and open, and every citizen proud to offer you a hearty welcome.

Mr. John Callan Brooks of Charlottesville greeted the official ladies on behalf of the American Legion.

MR. BROOKS:

By command of the American Legion I extend warm-hearted greetings to you, Mr. Commander, Official Ladies, Confederate Veterans, and to you, Sons of Confederate Veterans. I am honored indeed by the privilege of standing in your presence and bidding all of you welcome; and I dare believe our mood on this occasion will permit me to say, with a special emphasis, Welcome, Veterans of the Confederacy!

Confederate Veterans, half a century or more lies between us, yet the principles for which you fought, the manner in which you fought, and the knowledge of the dignity with which you bore defeat remain to us, a priceless heritage. Your cause was destined to defeat, yet you passed through the agony of fulfillment with a courage which has never been surpassed.

Your ranks are growing thinner, and in obedience to the inexorable law of nature there can be but a few more years before the last survivor of the glorious armies of the Confederacy will have passed over the river. We who follow you will not, cannot, forget. We have so covenanted in our hearts. I stand in your presence this evening with pride but also with reverent sadness, for you represent to us who come after you—to us who have felt the hot breath of war—the remnant of a great race of Christian men who were not afraid to die for the cause they and you never doubted was right, and who, unconquered by defeat, poverty and the pains of reconstruction, builded anew homes for your children and your children's children, and rehabilitated your country which reconstruction, more than war, had impoverished. God knows you have not lived in vain. The south as it is today is a memorial to your fidelity and devotion. Monuments of stone that are being

raised to honor you will crumble with time but the spirit of the Confederate soldier, indomitable in victory and defeat alike, will never die.

Time is a great transmuting magician. It is transforming bitterness and hatred into friendship and unity. This was exemplified in the World War when in the armies that went across the seas to save our civilization there was neither North nor South—only the United States of America. This is as it should be. According to St. John, "We have fellowship one with another."

Let us for a moment glance backward through the years—through the half century or more that lies between us. It was the year 1861. Spring had come. A glowing sun had kissed a dead earth and the fields and hills were alive with leaf and flower. The call to arms came and you answered. Four years passed away, four terribly tragic years, and at Appomattox the Army of Northern Virginia, obedient to the command of its leader, laid down its arms. It was Spring again and the same old fields and hills were in bud and bloom, but oh! what a difference! Hope had fled from many breasts. Minds could not grasp the full meaning of it all. There were mothers, like "Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not;" wives and sweethearts, "sighing for the touch of vanished hands and the sound of voices that were still;" the graves of friend and foe marked where the battle had raged; the dread shadow of death was ever present; the earth was marred by the ashes of your homes. That was war as you knew it, a record of wastage, of bloodshed and of tears, of glorious sacrifice, and, in the end, defeat with honor. And it was in defeat that the South rose to heights of true greatness. A proud people had been crushed commercially and overwhelmed physically by armies numerically superior, but you with your glorious record of having fought as Christian men fight accepted defeat as Christian men accept it. The glory of that record, Confederate soldiers, neither time nor man can remove or diminish. In truth, like a great soldier at the dawn of the Christian era, you can say, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." God has been with you. May He be with you to the end!

The address to Confederate Veterans and Sons was then delivered by W. McDonald Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

COMMANDER LEE:

Grand Commander, Ladies, Veterans, Friends—all:

Not long since we assembled in this dear old town to regale ourselves, and do homage at the unveiling of a heroic statue of the "Right Arm" of the leader of the Confederate hosts. This statue, and the one soon to be unshrouded, are from the munificent and great heart of your townsman, Paul McIntire. His generosity has added doubly to our several sojourns here. He is known to be a lover of the South, her ideals, her valiant sons and heroic women.

Perhaps no such assemblage has met in Charlottesville. If exceeded at any time in numbers (which I doubt), it was never excelled in great impulses or the *bonhomme* spirit.

Representing the Sons of the South, I feel the depth of honor you confer upon me as your guest. While the minutes allotted me shall not be poor in the need of praise for you dear ones wearing the grey—your plaudits are ever sung in heart and voice by those who know of your deeds of valor in war and your triumphs over difficulties in the aftermath of so-called peace—I feel impelled to bring a message to the younger generation who have received a heritage from you, that, in the thoughtlessness of youth, is too often passed over without impression. I am not unmindful that in this great audience there are men and women striving in peaceful mein to burnish up the laid-away sword of Lee, rusty but humanly untarnished; to keep the memories of your wonderful achievements from falling into the discard, and, above all, to see justice be done the South in the histories being formulated for world perusal. As the Commander-in-Chief of you Sons of the South, honored by you to the elevation that might worthily be aspired to by any descendant of a Confederate Veteran, I feel that I can speak freely to you of our accomplishments and our failings. The latter are many, the former to be added to by lessening these failings.

Some may think the Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy are organized for the purpose of keeping up strife

and feeling. It is not so. They do not desire to renew the impulses that imbued men's souls when the cannon flashed and the saber took its toll. No. Time assuages grief and animus, and the day has gone when as a small boy we knew our erstwhile foe as nothing but "Dam-Yankees." We do not today seek to blacken the memory of those who were once the foe of you men in grey. No man can expect credit for his warfare, his intellect or manual at arms, if he decry his opponent. Vanquishing or vanquished, he must give due credit to his opponent, lest he fail in plaudit of his own bravery and achievements. So, for that part of the North who fought as they saw right and at the command of their President and their Governors, I have no criticism. I have criticism as to the justice of their cause, because I believe them wrong today, sixty years after the war, and I knew that you fought for what you *knew* was right. I would not detract from the Northern foe except that portion of "Hessians," or "Huns," the hired soldiers on the battlefield. When you went out to bury the enemy dead, you perhaps turned over an alien, an adventurer that went into the Army of the Union for gain, for a livelihood; and you realized that that man had stopped a bullet from your gun before his bullet could hit the chest of a cavalier of the South. I *do* criticize a fratricidal warfare forced upon kith and kin where hired mercenaries were used to overpower their brother's family. And it is this criticism that I have carried to New York, San Francisco and San Antonio.

Let the North have its just due, and they will get it; give them all that is coming to them, and they do get it. I would not detract from their real history, but I do say that, when I see today films being made up of a hundred years of American history, with twelve professors to be the judges and one only of these a Southern man—pictures that include the War between the States that will probably be flashed on canvas around the world, with purported instances where a handful of Federal soldiers put to rout a hundred Southern Cavaliers (it would be nearer the truth to reverse it); films that are going to depict your father and mine as cowards, when we knew that it took two, or three, or four and sometimes five Yankees to lick one Southerner—I say it behooves us to be up and doing to see that history is writ aright. The Sons started in the beginning of this program when they had as re-

viewers twelve professors, all northern men. We have made a fight now for three years, costing money, time and speeches, and have at last gotten one censor of the twelve, Prof. Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, a fair man, and at one time Historian for the Sons of Confederate Veterans. He alone is wrestling with eleven Harvard and Yale and other men for the truth of American history.

That is one piece of our work. The Daughters of the Confederacy are helping us in it, bless them! Without the women we could do little. We have camps in California and Colorado. We could hardly start them anywhere without the assistance of the Daughters. In New York, where I spoke a few weeks ago at the Astor, we have a rousing camp of several hundred Sons of Confederate Veterans, and two chapters of Daughters, the membership amounting to thousands. We are going to start in Boston. Two chapters of Daughters came to the Washington meeting from Boston, and they promised they would go back and organize there a camp of Sons. There are more than thirty-three hundred sons of Confederate Veterans in Denver, Colorado. Just think of that! You wonder how these things can be, and what is the explanation of so many descendants of Confederate veterans throughout the North and West. Ah! when you, my fathers, with Robert E. Lee, the immortal, laid down your arms at Appomattox, and from there and other points came home with a mule or a raw-boned horse, you trudged back to find the homestead not nestling within well-kept bowers of roses and lilacs as you had left it, but overgrown with honeysuckle and briars, the doors creaking on the hinges (if one was left). There was desolation and waste. The younger of the men who came back, oftentimes the son with the father (both Confederate soldiers), would say to themselves, "There is no living here for an extra mouth. I will leave this distracted land; I will go where I can make something to send back to my dear old parents." Horace Greeley did not say too early to the flower of our youth, the younger soldier unattached, to start out West, or North. And some of you perhaps may remember that there came back weekly or monthly stipends that would support those old folks at home. Today in the Northwest it is estimated that among native-born Americans there is a majority of Southerners and their descendants in every State as

far as Washington or Oregon. That leaven has leavened the whole. The spirit and blood of pure-born Americans has helped save us from socialism, radicalism.

I put a catechism on one occasion to those Sons in Denver. It was this: "What do you know about the settlement of your country? Who came here first and established it?" I give you my word there was hardly one but had been led to believe that the Pilgrim Fathers, driven from England and Holland and landing on bleak Plymouth Rock, were the beginners of American civilization. And why? Because their every history taught it. They were Southern grandsons who had known no other history than that of the North and West, issued by Northern publishers. They did not know or think for a moment (because their history only alluded to Jamestown perhaps in six-point type in a foot-note) that that Virginia island was settled first, in 1607, thirteen years before the men forced out of England into Holland had pushed off, striking for nearabout the Jersey coast. Adverse winds drove them to the now-enchanted shores of New England. These Western sons were taught to believe the Pilgrims were the builders of the civilization of this country, when the truth is that the cavaliers of Europe, the real blood of England and France and Spain, settled their own territory south of Mason and Dixon's Line, and did it before the Pilgrim Fathers had even left Dutchland. Why, we know now that the Dutch themselves had started a colony on Manhattan Island before the Pilgrims had set foot. Did you know that these Pilgrims were carried in a Virginia ship and that their charter called for a location in the "north-east part of the Colony of Virginia?" But how many of our histories tell that little story? The South is truly deficient in advertisement. Ah, that is the trouble with us—the lack of written history. We would not discount others, but others are not doing the South justice. Some twenty years ago Judge Moffett, of Roanoke, and myself, working on the History Committee of the Sons of Veterans, found Elson's history used in practically every school in Virginia. I cannot tell you because of the ladies present what abominable stuff was in that history, in such horrible terms that you would not wish your twenty-year-old boy to read. We made a rumpus, and in twelve months' time it was put out of Virginia's schools. We then took it up with Gen. VanZandt, your old Commander-in-

Chief of the Veterans, and with Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, of the Sons' organization, and today I do not believe there is a single copy of that history in a State of the South or the Southwest, nor will there be soon a Northern-written history which is not approved by the Veterans, Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy.

Agents of publishers came down and said, "We will eliminate those parts you folks object to." "All right; eliminate that and give a correct history and we will not make further fight on it." We found later that they were going to get out a "Southern Edition," eliminating the abjured stuff for use in the South only, continuing to furnish three-fourths of America—the East, the Middle West and the Pacific Coast—with the original same abominable stuff; and are doing it today. We are not only continuing that warfare in the South, excluding unfair histories, but are carrying it into the North, into the West and even the East. We will not fight for a biased history. God knows I have never seen a biased history on the Southern side. Never yet, of all the histories I have read in my work, have I seen one biased towards the South. We do not so much blame Elson and commercially-minded people like him in trying to sell their works. Nor do I blame the Northern people. I want you to take a lesson from them. *It pays to advertise.* And they *have* advertised Plymouth Rock. They have advertised Bunker Hill, which was not one-tenth the hardship, nor as fruitful of results as what happened at Yorktown, or even the little tilt by the women at Wilmington, N. C., who antedated the Boston Tea-Party; or many other events in our own Southland. They have immortalized, yes capitalized, on their song and story, because our friends up North know how to advertise. They eulogize Paul Revere, and his job could have been done by a ten-year-old Virginia boy. Jack Jouett, who saved the government of Virginia, which at that time was the mainstay of the Revolution, goes down unsung. He rode three times the distance of Paul Revere, doing it on his own initiative, upon overhearing Tarleton's troops gossip in the tavern while creeping towards Monticello, and he saved the Governor, Thomas Jefferson, and the Legislature of Virginia, an organization which was then more important than the Continental Congress. Let them give Jack Jouett his rightful place in history, and we will let Paul Revere ride on if he wants to, in

Northern verse. Let Jack Jouett's horse-ride receive the just honor of being the instrument that saved the American Revolution at a critical time. Oh, I would not discount their Saratoga or Bunker Hill. Yet they will talk in history and the movie about Saratoga and their other victories, but what about the Cowpens, where Gates' northern laurels turned to Southern willows? and Yorktown, where our forefathers had to stem the tide and put on the glorious finish for American freedom? These will hardly be heard of. There will be Gettysburg, and Appomattox, and Sherman's cruel march; but Manassas and Wilderness and other Southern feats will hardly be given passing notice.

I tell you, young men, if you do not belong to a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, if you deny it your influence and the pittance of a dollar, or two dollars, a year—not as much as you would roll up in cigarettes perhaps in a week—you are not only unmindful of a heritage that is given you, which life nor death nor height nor depth can ever take from you, but you are proving untrue to the honor of the ancestor who gave you birth and bequeathed you such a heritage. The Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy, I repeat, are not keeping up strife, but they are simply trying to see that justice be done in history and in the movies which are going to be flashed around the world, a complete history, as they call it, of a hundred years of America. And you know the children of the millions will learn from these pictures, as the boys of Denver learned from Northern histories that the Pilgrims were the first settlers of America and that Gettysburg or Chickamauga were the great battles of the War between the States, or "War of Rebellion," as they style it; and likely no Bull Run or Wilderness will appear. You are derelict in duty if you do not join a Camp and assist in the work. I go from Canada to Mexico, when I can do the cause good, at my own expense. You pay this little tribute here to the support of the general organization, that it might get out literature, and, if necessary, hire some speaker to go where we ourselves cannot go. We have a wonderful campaign before us.

The Daughters of the Confederacy (again I say, God bless them) are five hundred per cent ahead of us Sons. I am ashamed to tell you so, but I want to shame it into you. They are organizing chapters, they are helping our historians, they are organizing

Sons' camps and helping us in many ways. They are standing strongly behind these dear fathers of ours. Now, don't you feel mean, you son of a veteran, or grandson or great-grandson, if you have had opportunity to join a camp and haven't done it? I hope and pray you will not be longer recreant. I can't say more for the Daughters of the Confederacy, they are so far ahead of us. Every day I see greater inspiration in them than I do in the Sons, national and State. They are leading us all. They are daughters and grand-daughters of those mothers that lived in the days of the Sixties. Madeline Bridges must have been thinking of the Southern matron when she wrote something like this:

"There are hearts that are strong, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true—
Who give to the world the best they have;
For the best comes back to you.

"For life is a mirror of king and slave;
'Tis not what we are, but *do*.
So give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

For a few moments let me dwell on the devotion of your mothers.

Oh, you fathers, think of the days when you charged the cannon's mouth; you had a comrade by your side; he nudged you or you nudged him; and, with the band and bugles behind, the thought of danger had vanished from your breast, like with the six hundred at Balaklava—which great piece of English heroism had been inspired but shortly before by Butler and his Palmetto Regiment on the field of Cherubusco, in Mexico, where Southern arms carved an empire from that heritage of the Montezumas. You will bear me out, it was far easier for you to charge the ramparts with comrade by your side, supporting and sustaining and cheering, than it was for another—the wife, perhaps, or daughter, or sweetheart—that one who stayed at home and kept the embers burning. As she sat beside those embers, she knitted dexterously a sock, perhaps, or a jacket, or mitten, which she might send to the loved one at the front. When the courier would come (we had no winged-messengers of the telephone then) riding down the

road, she would rush out and ask "How goes the battle? Is my dear one still alive?" waiting with bated breath and hope. If told that he still lives, "Bless God!" she reverently exclaims; and then asks "How fares the battle? Is Stuart still riding? Is Stonewall Jackson still in the saddle? Is Robert E. Lee still leading our tattered hosts?" Her heart was attuned to that. When Jackson fell, or when Lee told his men he could not see them suffer more and must through mercy give up, just think of the pangs to the heart that was waiting, hoping for tidings of good; and then came the reverse. For four long years your courage was great, but not so great as that of the woman you had left behind, who strained all her nerves and her heart and soul to help in your fighting while tracing the destiny of the Stars and Bars. I speak of your courage; that is because it is your occasion now, but I know you will not think of me as treasonable when I say the braver of the two was the wife or daughter or sweetheart that had been waiting by the fireside so long.

God bless the women of the South! And, now, what was their influence in the World War? When the nations of the old world engaged in a death-grapple, and there appeared a line that seemed not to be broken (the Hindenburg Line), America went forth, the sons of the Grey, as well as of the Blue, and showed them, like Alexander the Great—not dallying to untie—but how to *cut* the Hindenburg Line; and Europe and the world was made safe for democracy. They were scions of that blood which toiled and hoped by the hearthside of the sixties. One thing more I am going to add about woman's work. They are bringing to the front one of the noblest of characters, unjustly maligned and almost forgotten. He was truly a martyred President. The U. D. C. are immortalizing Jefferson Davis—not "Jeff" Davis, but "Jefferson" Davis. We talk about martyred Presidents. Yes, there was Lincoln, and I would not seek to break the spell of greatness. There was Garfield, and McKinley, who also fell by the assassin's bullet. Yet I might add another martyr, Warren G. Harding. Providence was kind in taking Abraham Lincoln at the pinnacle of his glory. Had he lived out his term, he would surely have fallen by the machinations of politicians. Already had members of his cabinet set to work for his undoing. But Providence was generous to him, and took him at the height of

fame, a sorrow felt even in the Confederate ranks. One can be butchered in martyrdom with a great deal less pain and torment than he can live as a martyr. There are many things worse than death, and when I talk about martyred Presidents I want to say to you had that lone man of Beauvoir, Jefferson Davis been shot down or stabbed by the enemy around Richmond his lot would have been elysian to what the years that followed brought him. Pronounced the greatest Secretary of War the nation ever had, a statesman in his day with few equals canopied by the dome at Washington, he became, as it were, a man without a country, and lived the lingering years with the unjust finger of scorn pointed at him. Truly Providence was less kind to him.

Recently another President died a veritable martyr. Had God been as good to our Woodrow Wilson as He was to Abraham Lincoln, he would have been the foremost man of the world. Even had he died on his official trip to Europe the history of every nation would have chanted him as the greatest world-liver. But it was not to be his fate. He was to come back, and his reason be partially impaired by the torment of political enemies—one in particular, who, if there is a heaven and a hell, as I know there are, will never see Abraham's bosom. That one is Henry Cabot Lodge.

Then let us take courage, men and women of the younger generation, and know no such word as "halt" in our battle for justice, even as the boys overseas. Illustrative of their valor and no thought of halting, I close with this little story, which I am sorry to see is now being repeated on the vaudeville stage. It was twenty years ago I heard it, while sitting in a hotel in Memphis, where we had already held two Reunions. Shortly after the War between the States there was a drummer, a Confederate cavalryman once, who had been left at his hotel by the 'bus that was going to the depot. Looking about, he saw only a ramshackly spring-wagon, an old horse and a cotton-headed negro driver. In desperation, he turned and said, "Can you get me to the depot in time to catch the train?" "I dunno, boss; I'll try." So he threw his grip into the old wagon, and stood up behind the driver, while the latter was whipping his horse. The animal was hobbling like this (indicating). Says the traveler, "Why don't you make him go? I will never catch that train!" The reply was: "Boss, 'mem-

ber he was an 'ol war horse, he wuz." "War horse!" exclaimed the ex-cavalryman. "Yes, sah! he 'longed to Forrest's Cavalry." "Forrest's Cavalry! Give me those reins." The drummer snatched the reins, and shouted "Attention!" Up went the old horse's head, his tail stuck in the air. "Charge!" roared the drummer. Down the street that pack of bones went, lickety-split, helter-skelter, bookety-boo. About the time he got to the depot the drummer shouted "Halt!", and the old nag came back on all fours. The drummer rolled out and started to give the negro a dollar, but the answer came, "Boss, you don't owe me nothing. You ketch your train; you dun l'arnt me something." The old negro, it seems had another passenger on a hurried call a few days later; so he screamed out in his piping voice "Attention!" The old horse pricked up his ears and tail. "Charge!" and away he went lickety-split, helter-skelter. When nearing the destination of his passenger, the old negro began to scratch his head. He was getting awfully worried. Finally he said, "Boss, you better roll out o' here; I dun forgot dat last word."

They, too, our sons across the seas, had forgotten such a word as "halt."

I thank you, Grand Commander and audience. I appreciate your listening to me.

Colonel John R. Saunders, Attorney-General of Virginia, in a graceful address, presented the official ladies, and Dr. H. W. Battle responded for them in a spirited speech.*

III

ROBERT E. LEE DAY

(WEDNESDAY, MAY 21)

The morning of Unveiling Day was devoted to a visit to Monticello by Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Officials. At one-thirty the various organizations took their places in the Parade which was to precede the unveiling in Lee Park. All

*The compiler regrets the omission of the text of these addresses. In a letter to Colonel Linney, Colonel Saunders explained that he never writes a speech. "I don't think I could give you half a dozen sentences in the address which I made in Charlottesville. I certainly appreciate the honor you confer in asking for a copy of this address." Dr. Battle was equally unable to comply. He, too, spoke without notes.

business was suspended, and everybody in the city and all the guests there took part in one way or another in what many regard as the greatest pageant that ever moved through the streets of Charlottesville. The line of march was from the University of Virginia, Eastward on Main Street to E. Fifth Street, North along E. Fifth Street to Court Square, West along Jefferson Street to E. Fourth Street, North along E. Fourth Street to High Street, West along High Street to E. Second Street, and thence South along East Second Street to Lee Park.

The procession moved in two Divisions as follows:

FIRST DIVISION

Mounted Police

Chief Marshal, Colonel Thomas S. Keller

Aids: Major Thomas P. Peyton, Major Eugene Bradbury

Major John S. Graves, Captain Elmer Johnson, Captain

Joel M. Cochran

Virginia Military Institute Cadets

Preceded by their Band

Richmond Grays Battalion commanded by Major William W.

Poindexter, preceded by 116th Infantry Band, led by

J. B. Andrews, Staff Officer 183d Infantry Band

Richmond Howitzers

Visiting Military

Preceded by their Band

Company L, 116th Infantry, Staunton, commanded by Charles

P. Serrell

Company B, 116th Infantry, Lynchburg, commanded by T. K.

Menafee

American Legion and Spanish War Veterans

Escort to the Governor of Virginia

Richmond Light Infantry Blues, commanded by Major Mills

F. Neal

Preceded by John Marshall High School Band

Governor E. Lee Trinkle and Staff

(In double column automobiles)

Invitation and Reception Committee, Speakers and Invited
Guests, President and Board of Visitors of the
University of Virginia
(In double column automobiles)

City Commissioners and Board of Supervisors of Albemarle
County
(In double column automobiles)

University Faculty, Officers and Students

Preceded by their Band Colonel J. A. Cole, Commanding

SECOND DIVISION

Major-General W. B. Freeman, Staff and Official Ladies

Preceded by Charlottesville Band, (Official Band Virginia
Division)

John Bowie Strange Camp, Grand Camp of Virginia,
Confederate Veterans and Official Ladies

Preceded by Stonewall Band

Albemarle Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy and Visiting
Chapters

R. T. W. Duke Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans
and Official Ladies

Charlottesville and Albemarle High Schools

Civic Organizations in Uniform

Charlottesville Drum Corps

Fire Department

Monticello Guard and Boy Scouts Detailed as Military Police

Commanded by Captain E. V. Walker

The multitude assembled about the statue in Lee Park. Various organizations which had taken part in the parade were assigned to positions of honor near to the speaker's table. The chair was assumed by Judge R. T. W. Duke, Jr., who said:

Daughters of the Confederacy, Members of the John Bowie Strange Camp of Confederate Veterans, R. T. W. Duke Camp Sons of Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am but a voice to have the pleasing task of calling you to order and introducing those who are to take part in these exercises. Charlottesville has already bidden you welcome and with open hands and houses assured you of her joy at seeing you here. The exercises of the occasion will be opened with prayer by Rev. G. L. Petrie, D.D.,* Chaplain of the John Bowie Strange Camp of Confederate Veterans.

DR. PETRIE:

O God, the great God, the Giver of great blessings, we render thanks to Thee for this supreme moment; for this day in which it is a privilege to live; for this occasion of which it is an honor to be a part; for these exercises which forever will be a memory of delight.

Thou hast made our hearts glad in that by Thy kind providence we commemorate today one whom it was an honor to know—a privilege to follow—a distinction to celebrate—a welcome opportunity to praise.

The erection, unveiling and dedication of this work of art we account a signal, divine blessing to us.

We thank Thee for this distinguished gift so generously bestowed on us by Thy servant who is one of ourselves, whose heart throbs with love to his own city, his own people, as also to the Cause deeply cherished and munificently commemorated.

*Dr. Petrie was chaplain of the 22d Regiment of Alabama Volunteers C. S. A. during the War.

We are conscious that this moment of our exalted privilege is a moment on which a world's vision may well converge, and a world's plaudits may well be bestowed.

We thank Thee for such a hero to whom to render this tribute, such a donor to make glad our hearts by this gift, such an artist who has wrought his artistic conception into stone and bronze—such a beautiful ideal which shall endure in unfading freshness and exquisite charm, when material things have crumbled into dust and passed into forgetfulness.

Thou givest us today to emphasize a name that is without reproach, a record that is without a fault, a career that is without a blot.

On the hero of our love and admiration Thou didst bestow extraordinary gifts, seldom, if ever before, combined in one person: a wealth of physical charm, personal power, intellectual force, military genius, moral purity, religious faith, beautiful life, calm repose and the majesty of self control.

Grand in the moments of success; grander in the trying scenes of disaster. Great in victory; greater in defeat.

With a magnetic personality, the majesty of self command secured without effort or intent, a supreme command of others.

Those years of struggle and sacrifice, through which Thou didst lead us, and which seemed to us to be in vain, are now seen by us to have been worth while, to produce, develop, reveal and perpetuate a life and character and memory of so great a hero, and the lives and characters and memories of the incomparable heroes who were intimately associated with him; together constituting a group the equal to which the world's annals do not record.

This day and these exercises to which Thou has brought us create a classic in human life and in the history of human affairs.

The grandeur and majesty of this work of art make it a suitable memorial, because it is not only a tribute and a commemoration, but an emblem of him who in scenes of thrilling excitement was of all the calmest, though every movement hung upon his word. In the quiet of academic scenes the same calm

repose imparted its power to impetuous youth. In the trying times of reconstruction of governmental rule and material wealth his attitude and restful pose swayed a people who loved him and admired him and sought to imitate his illustrious example.

We feel today, after all these years, the transcendent and pervasive calm of his extraordinary character that rose above and stood ever superior to every disturbing element.

Noting these splendid qualities, so conspicuous in the career of our great hero, we recognize in them hints of their supremacy alone in Thee. So they become to us an inspiration and an upward call to reach out and up after the better and higher things of life.

Enable us to emulate all the virtues of his life. Help us to look through and beyond him to Thee who only art perfect, and fashion our lives by the One Supreme Ideal.

Help us to pay our noblest tribute to the Unattained and Unattainable One from whom there will come to us forever an inspiration toward a loftier reach and a better life.

Let Thy benediction rest upon the veteran remnant of the great army of the years long ago. Give the old soldiers strength to complete life's long march, till the last lonely one has reached the end, and the cause which once resounded through the world becomes a memory and a tradition.

Bless the veterans of all our country's wars.

Bless the young people of today on whom soon the destinies of this great Nation shall rest.

May Thy choice blessings be upon the Daughters of the Confederacy, worthy followers of their heroic mothers, ever thoughtful of the welfare and comfort of these old soldiers.

Bless this vast multitude of people.

Bless the speakers of this hour. Breathe on them Thy spirit. Clothe their messages with power.

In the Name that is above every name, Amen.

THE CHAIRMAN (JUDGE DUKE):

It is not only my privilege but my great pleasure to now present to you the Rev. Henry W. Battle, D.D., the son of a dis-

tinguished Confederate General who is himself alike distinguished not only as a great minister but as a great public speaker, and a most devoted son of Confederacy.

DR. BATTLE:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is a great hour in the annals of Charlottesville and of Virginia! This vast assembly is composed of elements that would make any hour great. I bid you gaze on the scene that spreads out before my eye with swelling bosoms of joy and pride—Confederate veterans, cherishing deathless devotion to a cause as dear to them in old age as when in glorious youth they trod, with the proud bearing of kings, battle fields consecrated by matchless prowess to an immortality of fame; Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, their noblest heritage descent from men who followed Lee and Jackson in the days that tried men's souls; veterans of the world war—just the same on the battle fields of France that their fathers and grandfathers were at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; children from the schools, lifting their young voices in acclaim of those ideals of honor and duty, which, as embodied in lives shaped in the school-room to-day, will determine the destiny of this country, and, it may be, the world; the honored presidents, faculties and student-bodies of the state's two great universities; his Excellency the Governor and his staff; the learned attorney-general, and many others whose lustrous names shed honor on their states; superbly uniformed and perfectly drilled military companies—from the Capital City, from "The West Point of the South," from military institutes scarcely less famous, and representatives of the United States army; bands whose thrilling music might have imparted an added rapture to Milton's warrior angels; and this vast multitude, gathered from every section of the dear old commonwealth—hearts tumultuously beating in sympathy with this occasion!—*What does it all mean?*—supremely, yonder draped statue, to be unveiled, in the presence of this mighty concourse of men, women, and children, by a lineal descendant of the incomparable man whose effigy it is.

They tell us that the pedestal is too small for the massive fig-

ure. That is as it *should* be—this planet as a pedestal would be too small for Robert Edward Lee! Mounted on Traveller, he goes travelling down the ages with the laurels of time and eternity on his brow!

My fellow citizens, we are peculiarly fortunate in having with us, on this inspiring occasion, one who will delineate the matchless character of our hero, and interpret our sacred emotions for us, as well as mortal can. Every drop of the red blood that visits his heart and flows in his veins is Confederate blood—Virginian, Scholar, Orator, Patriot, Christian Gentleman—I have the happiness and the distinguished honor of presenting him—Dr. M. Ashby Jones, of Atlanta, the orator of the day.

THE CHAIRMAN:

It is my pleasing and honorable duty to introduce to you the gentleman who is to make the address upon this occasion. He is the son of one of the most ardent Confederates I have ever known and who was one of the most beloved Chaplains in the Confederate Army, Chaplain of Washington and Lee University during the time whilst General Lee was President of that organization. He has followed in the footsteps of his illustrious sire—not only in his devotion to the cause which ended before his birth, but to the high calling in which his father served with such conspicuous ability. I present to you the Rev. Dr. M. Ashby Jones.

DR. JONES:

Veterans of the Armies of the Southern Confederacy, comrades of my father; Daughters of the Confederacy, high priestesses at the altar of my mother's devotion, and Sons of Confederate Veterans, you who cherish the same heritage of heroism which is the priceless possession of my own heart, I greet you in three-fold love, and congratulate you that you have been counted worthy to become the sacred custodian of the immortal memory of Robert Edward Lee. And I count myself happy, indeed, to have a part in an occasion of such vital significance. I confess that I crave the words which might fit the fineness of the feeling which prompted this gift of Mr. McIntire, and might mingle not

inharmoniously with the music of the memories which have been stirred in our hearts today. Giving is, indeed, the finest of all the arts. A gift reveals the temper of one's tastes, one's sense of value, and, at the same time, it is a subtle expression of one's estimate of those to whom he gives. A statue of Robert Edward Lee is a revelation of the quality of the donor's own spirit, and a delicate compliment to the people of this city, which shall always be cherished. Robert Edward Lee is ours, yet in some true and beautiful sense Mr. McIntire has given him to us again. Given him to us again, because in this vivid and vital expression of the genius of Lentelli Robert Edward Lee once again fronts the souls of his people, and challenges them to a consciousness of kinship to his own lofty spirit.

I shall not mar this occasion with any self-conscious prattle of my own insufficiency for the task assigned me. I should but discount the nobility of my theme, and your high sense of the fitness of things did I even infer that your kind invitation carried any such incongruous presumption. I take it that we have gathered at the foot of this commanding effigy for mutual sympathy; that in this atmosphere of reverence and love, and by the light of the gathered glory of an ever increasing testimony, we may strive once again to read the meaning of a great man. For we come not to mourn over a memory, but to triumph in the incarnation of a truth.

It has been nearly sixty years since the close of the Civil War. The wounds of that fratricidal conflict have been healed. The gulf which separated men is closed, and the passions and prejudices which produced that fearful catastrophe have faded away. Most of the great actors, who walked giantlike across the stage of action, have passed out of the consciousness of our national life. Faces and figures which, in the heated imagination of those days, loomed large with significance, in the sane and sober thought of new generations and new issues, have shrunk into normal proportions. But there is one figure silhouetted against that background of flaming fierceness which grows larger and more distinct as the fires of war subside. There is one voice instinct with the tone of command, yet mixed with the melody of love, which grows more audible as the cannons' roar subsides, and is more potent in proclaiming the pathway of our national

life today than when it called men to storm batteries of death, or to stand firm against the inflowing tide of destruction. Robert Edward Lee is greater in the thought of the world today than when he was laid to rest beneath the academic shades of his beloved college in Lexington. Why is this true?

Each man's life is not only born out of his environment, but it must find its expression in terms of the problems and enterprises of his own day. Truths, sentiments, and ideals, may be universal in their appeal to the human heart and yet before they can make this appeal they must become incarnated in some individual life, and get themselves localized in some definite period of human history. Not until a truth finds its Bethlehem can it become a redeeming force in history.

So, if we would understand Robert Edward Lee, we must begin with the fundamentally significant fact that he was a Virginian of the nineteenth century. That means that the sources of his personality were deeply rooted in a social soil, pregnant with the memories and traditions, the sentiments and convictions, of past generations. His story might be called the last chapter in the history of the building of independent commonwealths in our Republic. The men who wrought out the political existence of Virginia called it, in their pride, "The Old Dominion." The fundamental tenet of her political creed was that Virginia was an independent state, which had entered, upon certain well defined conditions, into a political union with other independent states. It must be remembered, too, that democracy at that time was even more of an experiment than it is today. Nor is democracy a fixed governmental form. It is a principle which admits of many forms of political expression. It is the expression of the will of the people in some political form. The Virginia theory was, democracy in terms of state government, protected by a federal union. Now Lee had imbibed this political doctrine with his mother's milk, and inherited it in every corpuscle of his blood. He was bound to it by every tie of tradition.

While Lee was growing up under the influences of his intense inheritance of a long past, within the creative culture of an emphasized local consciousness, Abraham Lincoln was being molded within the widened horizon and limitless plains of a new America. Of obscure parentage, he had little consciousness of

the past; precedents and conventionalities played little part in pointing the pathway of his personality. America, to him, was not defined in terms of states, and the story of the struggle for freedom was not identified in his thought with the traditions of a commonwealth. His soul, too, bowed before an ideal of democracy, but it was not a democracy of the states, by the states, and for the states. Lee was essentially a Virginian of Virginians. Lincoln was a man of the people. When Lincoln talked about the Union his consciousness knew no provincial barriers, and the floodtide of his sympathies swept away constitutional limitations and distinctions. "Union," upon the lips of Lee, meant a united group of self-governing commonwealths. Lincoln's ideal was "a government of the people, by the people, for the people." Lee's ideal was a government of the people, by the states, for the people. Here, then, was an irrepressible conflict, not simply between two interpretations of our Constitution, but between two ideals of democracy. For my present purpose I am not concerned as to which was right. Character can never be defined in terms of statutes and logic. Character is made out of the magic mixture of the meaning of motives, and the convictions of consciences. Many of the really great contests of the world have been the clash of conflicting consciences. In 1861 Lee's conscience pointed one way, Lincoln's another, and the "steel which answered steel" was each tempered by the white heat of a soul profoundly convinced of the righteousness of its conviction.

Today, as never before, we divide the world's work into special tasks, and so are putting an ever increasing emphasis upon intensive training and discipline for specific work. This is more and more the trend of our educational processes. Thus are we coming to test the quality of personality by professional or vocational success. A great merchant, a great engineer, a great lawyer, a great soldier, is a great man. This is far from being necessarily true. This is to give a merely technical definition of a man's personality, within the necessary limitations of his profession or calling. The possibilities of manhood are infinitely greater than any profession, and whenever a life can be defined in terms of a special task it means the life has been narrowed and limited by that task. Here, to my mind, is the deadly danger of any educational purpose which limits itself to the task of making "lawyers,"

"merchants," or "engineers." Manhood is something too rich and deep to find its full and complete expression in the forms of any particular work. The purpose of the school should be, first, to plow deep into the soul, releasing the wealth of its possible powers of personality—developing manhood first—then train the personality in the technique of a special expression. I am insisting that a man should be bigger than a lawyer or a doctor, more than a merchant, an engineer, or a preacher.

So, when we come to study the personality of Robert Edward Lee, we note the fact that he was a soldier, but he was infinitely more, he was a man. The greatest portion of his life found expression within the realm of military affairs. What was the quality of manhood which found expression in the military life of Lee? Acts in themselves are not right or wrong. To fight is neither right nor wrong, in itself. The search for the moral quality of a character must be made within the invisible realms of the spirit. Would that modern pacifists could understand this, and come to know that the palace of peace, for which good men dream and pray, must be a "building not made with hands," but one which, if it is to be eternal, must have its foundation laid deep in the spirits of men. Why do men fight? This is the most revealing question which can be asked. We will ask Lee that question, and when a world of men can give his answer there will be no more war. When Robert Edward Lee left his resignation at the War Department in Washington in 1861, and turned old Traveler's head toward the hills of Virginia, we care little about what was in the Constitution of the United States. We want to know what was in the heart of Lee, for by the answer to this question shall the verdict of history be rendered. We know now that he abhorred slavery; that he loved the Union of his fathers with passionate devotion; that while holding to the legal right of secession, he contemplated the separation of the states as nothing less than a tragedy; that his soul was knit in a sacred comradeship to his brother officers of the Army; and that by his accurate knowledge of both sections of our land from a military standpoint, he knew the South would fail in a military contest. Yet, he has just refused the supreme command of the Armies of the United States. He has turned his back upon honor, glory,

power, and is deliberately riding into the shadows of sorrow, suffering, and humiliation.

What is in the heart of Lee? It is something that cannot be measured nor weighed in the markets of the world. It is something that rust cannot consume, and thieves cannot break in and steal. It is that eternal something which will walk through the shadows of Gethsemane, along the Via Doloroso to a cross, where it will die for others. But it will not stay dead. There is a triumphant resurrection utterance which proclaims that unselfish love lives forever.

Closely akin to the "Why did Lee fight" is the question "How did Lee fight?" Indeed, the one determines the other, for what a man does is but the expression of the deepest motive which possesses him. It is characteristic of Robert Edward Lee that, having once determined for himself, with a soul purged of all selfishness, where his pathway of duty led, he should follow it with no halting hesitancy or troubled timidity. "Save in defense of my native state, I shall never draw my sword again," were the pathetic words upon his lips as he bade farewell to the beloved comrades of the old army. Now, with the coming of an invading army, the cause to which that sword had been dedicated calls to him. With clearness of conviction and cleanness of conscience it is given in whole-hearted devotion to the defense of Virginia.

For four long years now the Lee-life finds its expression in battle, and by the spirit in which he fought shall he be judged. Let me repeat that Lee believed in his cause. This is essential to any large accomplishment. Not until a cause can challenge with completeness of confidence every faculty of the man can it summon the devotion of every impulse and power of the personality. This is the essence of unselfishness, that the thought of self shall be lost in the consciousness of the cause. This, too, is an essential element of personal power, that no faculty of the personality shall be deflected from the prosecution of the larger purpose in order to minister to the appetites and ambitions of the self.

This will account, I think, for that matchless daring of Lee, and for his almost unequalled ability to surcharge his men with

his own spirit. Let me quickly give two instances. June 1st, 1862, General Joseph E. Johnston being wounded, General Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia. McClellan had pushed Johnston back to the defenses around Richmond, and was only waiting for McDowell to arrive with his forces from Fredericksburg to complete the capture of the city. Stonewall Jackson had just completed his brilliant Valley Campaign. Lee ostentatiously sends reinforcements to Jackson in the Valley, while secretly he orders this immortal commander to his side. This feint at reinforcing Jackson alarms Washington, and McDowell turns back for its defense. At the very moment that Banks and Freemont were fortifying against Jackson's expected attack, this thunderbolt of war strikes as out of a clear sky the right of McClellan's army, turns it and thus threatens his communications. The siege becomes a retreat. The moment this is accomplished, Lee once again detaches Jackson, sending him to Gordonsville to meet the advance of Pope. On his way he strikes once again his old antagonist, Banks, at Cedar Mountain with such terrific force that all Washington is thrown into a panic. Now McClellan's army is rapidly decreased for the defense of the capital. This also releases Lee. With that quick decision and celerity of movement, which made up for the disproportion in numbers, he moves to crush Pope before McClellan can save him. Jackson captured Manassas Junction, thus placing himself in the rear of Pope's army. Here, as he said, "he held Pope's arm until Lee appeared," and their united armies won the second Confederate victory on the field of Manassas. Colonel Henderson, the famous British military critic, speaking of this achievement, quotes VonMoltke as saying, "The junction of two armies on the field of battle is the highest achievement of military genius." Then he adds, "If this be true, the campaign against Pope has never been surpassed. Tried by this test alone, Lee stands out as one of the greatest soldiers of all times. Three other times he accomplished this feat. Against McClellan at Gaines' Mill, Burnside at Fredericksburg, and Hooker at Chancellorsville." Here the daring of Lee, born out of his confidence in his cause and utter unconsciousness of self, enabled him to summon every resource of himself and his followers for the accomplishment of victory.

He had the ability to a marked degree of translating himself into his followers, and to possess them with the passion of his own spirit. At Spotsylvania Courthouse in 1864 Lee had been forced, in the formation of his line of battle, to make a dangerous salient in the improvised earthworks, which he had hastily thrown up, in the very center of his line. During the night Grant transferred Hancock's whole corps to this point, and at early dawn, by a magnificent attack, they broke Lee's line at this critical point. Like the rush of maddened waters pouring through a breach in a dam, the rush of Federal soldiers poured through this breach in the Confederate defense, and threatened the very existence of the Army of Northern Virginia. I have stood at just this point, known to the old Confederates as "The Bloody Angle," and imagined that scene. Lee has summoned John B. Gordon with his command to meet this supreme emergency. As this intrepid leader dashes forward ahead of his troops, he sees General Lee, himself, turn the head of old Traveller toward the enemy, and divines his purpose to lead the charge. He has caught hold of the bridle of the old warhorse and, with all the passionate love for his great leader in the tones of his voice, he is saying, "General Lee, you must go to the rear," and then, turning to his troops, which, by this time, had arrived, he shouted to them, "Virginians and Georgians, is it necessary for General Lee to lead you in this charge?" And there came back like the thunder of Heaven above the roar of battle, "General Lee to the rear and we will retake those works." General Hancock, you need not blush for the defeat of your heroic soldiers today, for when that tornado of ragged gray glory struck your lines, there never marched an army on this continent which could have withstood that charge, for there was a Robert Edward Lee in every gray jacket which fought that day.

But it was not simply on the battlefield that this gift of Lee, to surcharge men with his own spirit, was shown. I sometimes try to picture the return of the Armies of the Confederacy to their homes after Appomattox. They had been subjected for four years to the deadly and deadening temptations of the camp. There had been years of bloodshed, calculated to brutalize their natures. They went back to ruined fortunes, and often to the

ashes of their homes, with a sickening sense of defeat and injustice. They went back to the dark days of "Reconstruction," worse than war. I wonder sometimes that civilization, itself, had not broken under the strain, and that anarchy and chaos did not seize the reins and drive us to a social ruin. But, instead of that, these men went home to build this miracle of a New South. Glimpse for a moment in imagination its industrial glory. Listen to the buzz of the bands and the whir of the wheels of its great factories. Catch the rhythmic rumble of its industrial progress, visualize the beauty of its homes, the ever expanding efficiency of its splendid schools and colleges, and the lifted domes and pointed spires of its churches. Far be it from me, by word or gesture, to discount the quality of the character of these marvelous sons and daughters of the South, and yet I am profoundly convinced that in this matchless industrial and social triumph of the South, there was a reincarnation of the spirit of Lee, such as won victory out of defeat at the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania Courthouse.

I am insisting that a man's life does not consist of his words and acts, nor even the incidents which make up its experiences, but that the life finds in word and act its mode of expression and that its incidents and experiences serve to summon the personal powers into expression. So we have seen the Lee-life in battle, translating its full force into the accomplishment of victory. He presents the well nigh unique expression of a spirit which, in the heated and heroic atmosphere of battle, rose above all the brutal passions of a fight. He freed himself from the prejudices of partisanship, and so mastered material force that he made war without the bitterness of hatred. Over and over again he was the victor without vindictive vengeance. Twice he led a hungry and impoverished army upon a victorious invasion of the enemy's country, and then retreated leaving no ruins to mark the wake of his way.

But the Lee-life is yet to stand its severest test. It is in the hour of defeat that the soul of a man is most clearly revealed. Stripped of all defense of authority, unadorned by the glory of power, it must bear, and bear alone, the humiliation of failure, and be tested not by what it has done, but by what it is. We are

coming to understand that Appomattox was a crisis in American history. The Army of Northern Virginia had reached the limit of its power of resistance, but a great section of this nation still remained militant and unconquered. The Southern Confederacy might still maintain its armed contention in scattered guerrilla warfare for many years. Lee was the only living man who could bring peace to America. So completely had he gained the loving confidence of the Southern people, that he was the only man who could surrender the Confederacy. He faced the issue without flinching. His ideal for democracy—the Virginia ideal—had failed. But the question remained, should all hope of the maintenance of any democratic union in this country fail also? The contemplation of the continuation of the struggle by irregular warfare, carried on by roving bands and scattered groups of uncontrolled and undisciplined guerrillas, with its inevitable cruelties and wreckage, filled the soul of Lee with horror. His decision, expressed in the words, "We have conducted this war as a Christian people—we have submitted our contention to the arbitrament of arms and have failed—now I shall surrender this army as a Christian soldier" saved this republic and was Robert Edward Lee's contribution of peace and freedom to the children of America. In 1917-18 when the sons of the blue and of the gray kept step beneath the starry light and flaunting folds of one flag, permeated with the one purpose to make its ideal of democracy regnant among the nations of the world, it was because Lee, with the vision of a statesman and the unselfishness of a patriot, surrendered at Appomattox.

And now he turns old Traveler's head away from the battlefield. It must have been with a breaking heart that he rode through the silent ranks of his war-worn followers, and saw on those upturned faces of devotion the tears wash their pathways down those powder-stained cheeks. But he rides on with the revelation of a radiant ideal leading him and the passion of a great purpose permeating his soul. He rides past the alluring offers of ease and comfort, honor and glory, to the altar of sacrificial love. He rides on to the little impoverished college in the rock-ribbed hills of Virginia, with the words, "I have a self-imposed task. As I have led the sons of the South upon the field of battle, so must I now lead them in the paths of peace."

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I have often thought in reverent love that there was a striking analogy between those last years of Lee at Washington College and the forty days of the Master's life after Golgotha. How the hearts of those young men must have "burned within them as he talked with them by the way," interpreting to them the events of war in terms of peace—finding in the shadows of the defeat of war the star of hope with its radiant promise and prophesy of the triumphs of peace. And I am conscious of no irreverence in saying that in those last days he seems to me to stand as on the brow of a mountain, saying to these young builders of a New South, "Go back into life and teach and live what I have taught and lived, and lo, I am with you always."

THE CHAIRMAN:

It is my privilege now to introduce to you one in whose veins flows the blood of some of Charlottesville's most distinguished and beloved citizens—one who worthily fills the chair to which General Lee brought alike fame and honor, Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, who will present the statue on behalf of that great philanthropist, Paul Goodloe McIntire.

DR. SMITH:

In the name of Mr. Paul McIntire, a loving son of the Old Dominion, now back in his boyhood's home, I present to his city of Charlottesville this stately figure of General Lee on Traveler. Here in the center of the city's social and economic life may it stand forever to recall the glory of the unforgotten Past, to lift the busy Present to higher levels of patriotism and self-sacrifice, and to teach to endless generations of the Future the lofty lessons of his defeated yet triumphant life.

I do not wonder that this Virginia gentleman was and is and shall forever be the idol of every Southern heart—aye, of every human heart, North, South, East, and West. In his unique and matchless character were distilled and concentrated all those traditions and characteristics that constituted the moral greatness of the Old South at its best estate.

Its unusual combination of manly courage and womanly

tenderness, its habitual gentleness toward the weak and helpless, its lofty sense of personal dignity, personal honor, and personal integrity, its passionate love of home and children, its chivalrous exaltation of womanhood, its deep and fervid religious piety—all these seemed to burst into full flower and perfect fruitage in the character of the South's ideal hero, just before the tree of civilization which bore such wondrous fruit was uprooted and destroyed forever by the earthquake and tempest of war.

It is not my purpose to speak today of Lee the Soldier, the hero of a hundred battlefields, the demigod of war, but of Lee the hero of peace, the Christian saint, the pacemaker between North and South, the educational statesman, the victor over defeat, whose life-work after Appomattox, when all its manifold results are finally summed up by Heaven's unerring calculus, will outshine, outweigh, and outlast all the more spectacular glories of his military career.

Thrice fortunate is the South, and through her the nation and the world, that whenever and wherever, through the long ages of the future, she turns her eyes toward the stately figure of her ideal hero, on the lofty pedestal of his ever-growing fame, she sees floating over his head, as the one and only flag of his unchanged and undivided allegiance, not the stars and stripes which he so regretfully furled and laid for a time away, nor the stars and bars, that hallowed flag of memory and tears, which disappeared forever amid the battle-smoke of a hundred fields of honor, but the starry banner of the Cross, that flag that knows no North or South, no surrender or defeat, no Gettysburg or Appomattox, that starry flag of the world's heart and hope, that shall yet float in universal triumph over land and sea.

In these troubled times of waning faith and restless uncertainty, may Lee the Christian saint teach us and our children this lofty lesson: that living, loving, personal faith in a living, loving, personal God is at once the source and inspiration and the measure of all true human greatness.

None but Lee the Christian after four years of war's devilish cruelties, when his armies had been crushed and his home-

land swept by fire and drenched in blood, could say of his enemies "I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

It was due to his overwhelming influence that the war ended at Appomattox and the nation was spared the endless horrors and hatreds of guerrilla warfare. To his efforts and example, more than to those of any other leader, North or South, we owe the obliteration in a single generation of sectional bitterness, and the present harmony of our reunited nation under the flag of our fathers.

To me this mounted figure recalls not the lurid splendor of the battlefield, but that peaceful August day when Lee on Traveler rode through these very streets on his way to Lexington. Turning his back on all offers of wealth and ease and luxury at home and abroad, he dedicated his matchless life not to the memories of the past but to the South of the future, undertook the Herculean task of rebuilding Washington's bankrupt and looted institution, and sacrificed his life that he might teach the young men of his beloved South to solve the problems and bear the burdens of their harassed and stormy times. Mounting his war-horse, Traveler, he rode alone four days westward across the Blue Ridge and quietly entered upon the most fruitful period of his eventful life.

With ceaseless toil and magnetic zeal and consummate ability and statesmanlike wisdom he added students, teachers, buildings, and endowments to Washington's ancient foundation, revolutionized the old classical curriculum, founded new departments of English, Modern Languages, Applied Chemistry, and Physics, founded schools of Engineering, Law, Journalism, and Commerce, saturated the institution with his spirit, fixed for all time, we trust, its unique campus traditions of chivalry, courtesy, and personal honor, and then, worn out by his incessant labors, fell at his post from overwork, and bequeathed to it his matchless example, his sacred dust, and his incomparable name.

Thus like his Divine Exemplar on the hills of Galilee, he sacrificed his mortal life that his life-work might through that sacrifice become immortal, and taught to you and me and all the generations following the glory of self-renunciation, of

fidelity to the duty of the hour at whatever cost of personal sacrifice.

But greater to me than Lee the Soldier, or Lee the Educator, is Lee the Victor over Defeat.

His gigantic efforts had come to nought, his military career had ended in hopeless defeat, his mighty armies had been shattered, scattered, defeated, surrendered, disbanded, the land he fought so hard to save was overrun and subjugated, and he himself, its adored leader, a paroled and disfranchised captive of war, stripped of rank and power in an obscure mountain village, was supervising the conduct and studies of a handful of college boys.

Yet even then and there the majesty of his matchless character towered above the clouds of defeat and made his humble dwelling place a sacred shrine. His defeat was but apparent. Long since has the impartial verdict of the slow-moving years crowned as the real victor of Appomattox not Ulysses S. Grant and his swarming armies, but the undefeated spirit of Robert E. Lee. His surrender was not temporary. Long since have his enemies and detractors surrendered in their turn to this hero of defeat. His name and fame are growing with every passing year, their splendor heightened rather than obscured by this dark background of failure and disaster.

What lesson can we of this generation learn from this amazing victory of the vanquished? Surely this—the essential and eternal supremacy of the invisible things of the spirit over those of time and sense; that real greatness is neither measured nor determined by the accident of success or failure but solely by the spirit with which they are borne; that godlike character may rise majestic over circumstances, however adverse.

Would God such a spirit and such leadership were guiding our storm-tossed nation and our storm-tossed world today. Surely never were we in greater need of the sense of human brotherhood, of the spirit of obedience to law, of the subordination of personal and national ambitions, to the welfare of distressed and despairing humanity, and of the serene and unwavering faith and trust which upheld and steadied Lee and

his associates in those days of disaster and defeat. Let us of the New South, intoxicated with material prosperity and increasing luxury, learn the supremacy of the things of the spirit, not from General Lee's example alone but from our own fathers and mothers of 1865.

And let me as its most unworthy spokesman reaffirm what the Old South believed with all its heart, and what the shades of our mighty deed still teach from storied urn and monumental granite, that all true greatness, whether of an individual or of a nation, is always and forever *moral*, never merely or mainly material. Our visible possessions, our houses and lands, our railways and factories, our cannon and battleships—these are not the essentials of Christian civilization but only its tools and trappings, already on their way to the scrapheap. Among them national character rises like a marble shaft amid piles of decaying rubbish.

National wealth may come and it may go. National power may wax and it may wane. The passing centuries are forever changing national customs of dress, architecture, government, and finance. But the great moral judgments of the world, moral standards, moral laws, moral ideals—these stand unchanged from age to age. No transient splendor of accumulated wealth can ever make this land of ours truly great or even truly rich. Our invisible assets must be estimated at their full value. Civic honor and purity, height of national ideals, capacity for heroism and self-sacrifice, commercial honesty and domestic virtue, love of justice and sense of human brotherhood—these cannot be measured by long lists of industrial enterprises, by millions or billions of accumulated capital, or even by percentage ratios of literacy and illiteracy.

As we leave this Mount of Transfiguration and plunge once more into the busy whirl of our amazing material development, let us carry deeply graven on our hearts this solemn and awakening truth: that the most momentous question which confronts the New South of our day is not one of manufactures or commerce or agriculture, not what we buy or make or sell, not what we *have*, nor what we will *get*, but what we *are* and what our children *will* become.

THE CHAIRMAN:

I am now about to perform a work of supererogation—to introduce to a Virginia audience Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, who needs no introduction to any audience, North or South.

DR. ALDERMAN:

Your Excellency, Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In behalf of the city of Charlottesville and the county of Albemarle I accept at your hands, President Smith, as the representative of Paul Goodloe McIntire, a far-seeing and patriotic citizen, this noble statue of Robert Edward Lee. I have the honor to speak the deep gratitude of the people of this town and county to the giver of this priceless gift. He has richly earned the affection and gratitude of his fellow citizens. Here Robert E. Lee shall stand during the ages at the center of their lives, teaching, through the captivating medium of beauty, the everlasting lesson of dignity and character, of valor and the life unselfish.

And now what may I say of Robert E. Lee that all the world has not better said? You have just heard a moving oration celebrating the career and the qualities of the great warrior statesman. There is no need that I should do other than accept with profound gratitude the statue itself. The fame of Lee is so secure and so well lit up with history's everlasting lamp that silence seems a fitter thing than speech. The South has seen much of bitterness and wormwood in the decades that intervene between Appomattox and this hour, but we should never cease to be grateful to the God of nations that he had the people of the South enough in his care to choose for their leader this stainless man "whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure," so large and ample in nature, so gifted with royal genius—even the warrior's genius—and yet so merciful, so sweet-tempered and withal so dowered with pity and understanding.

It was Washington's all cloudless glory to found a nation. So much cannot be said of Lee. Yet he has done even more than his great prototype. He has become a majestic ideal to a whole land, incarnating their aspirations of manliness and

realizing their dreams of right living. If Lee had been other than he was in 1865, if he had been smitten with some madness for glory like the great Emperor of the French, we might not have to tell our proudest story of weary men returning to find bread to eat, clean in honor if broken in heart, but rather some mad orgy of despair and revolution.

But this man who stood for us in the great struggle did not spell glory out of life, but duty, and he saw God in his Heaven and in all the wide earth. So our hero is not some strange portent, half demon and half angel, "in whose brain the eagles of inspiration built their eyries and in whose breast hissed the serpents of ambition," as Heine said of Napoleon, but a great, beautiful, resolute man unspoiled by victory, undismayed by disaster and counting himself but little if the deed were done worthily.

I repeat that God was good and full of thought for his people to set in the forefront of their lives so faultless and ample a man, and surely the people of this community may count themselves fortunate in having here before their very eyes for all time so glorious a presentment of human virtue and greatness.

THE CHAIRMAN:

To unveil the monument, we have called a little child, whose purity and innocence is a fit type of her great ancestor. I request his Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, Paul G. McIntire, the sculptor Leo Lentelli, who with Major General William B. Freeman, head of the Confederate Veterans, Colonel C. B. Linney, Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, Comrade Bartlett Bolling, and Colonel Carter R. Bishop, as escort of honor to accompany this young lady to perform the pleasing duty of unveiling this monument, but before so doing [placing the young girl on the table in front of the speaker] I wish to present to you the great-granddaughter of the greatest man who ever lived.

[This was the most dramatic moment in a day of moving scenes. A great demonstration ensued. The veterans rose to their feet and cheered, while the little lady, uncoached, waved her hand to the multitude.]

THE CHAIRMAN:

A benediction is a form of words coming from the heart which dismisses an audience with the blessings of Almighty God. Some lives are a benediction in themselves and the gentleman whom I now present to you, whose own life has been a benediction, will close these ceremonies. I call upon the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, D.D., the last surviving member of General Lee's staff, to dismiss us.

DR. COOKE:

Almighty Sovereign, God of Might
Who counts the sparrows in their flight,
Look down with love, and comfort give
These comrades who live
And gather here to honor pay
Beloved ones who wore the gray.
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Strengthen the fragment of that host
Who fought for what they deemed was right,
Leaving a record fair and bright,
Unsullied by dark deeds of sin.
And though they lost, 'twas theirs to win
A crown that will a glory be
To all their loved posterity.
Triune of love and life and might
Teach us, O Lord! to do the right,
And let thy tender love to-day,
Rest on those men who wore the grey.

The quoted lines are by Frances Goggin Maltby.

In the evening a reception to Veterans, Sons of Veterans, official ladies and invited guests was given in the Memorial Gymnasium in the grounds of the University of Virginia. After the reception there was a grand ball in the same building, in which Veterans took part with youthful enthusiasm.

IV

FINIS

At 9 o'clock of the morning of Thursday, May 22, the Grand Camp held its final meeting, at which Commander C. B. Linney presided. The reports of the several standing committees were presented and disposed of, after which the Camp went into the election of officers.

The following were chosen:

Grand Commander—C. B. Linney, of Charlottesville.

First Lieutenant Commander—James P. Whitman, of Horsepen.

Second Lieutenant Commander—C. W. Kurtz, of Winchester.

Third Lieutenant Commander—W. P. Nye, of Radford.

Quartermaster-General—S. W. Paulette, of Farmville.

Inspector-General—James P. Whitman, of Horsepen.

Chaplain-General—The Rev. James C. Reed, of Lynchburg.

Surgeon-General—Dr. George W. Crozier, of Roanoke.

Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff—Carter R. Bishop, of Petersburg.

Assistant-Adjutant General—Robert Gilliam, of Petersburg.

Following the election of officers, Commander Linney returned thanks for another expression of confidence in him.

"Your coming and presence among us has been as a Heaven-sent benediction, and in the name of Mr. Paul McIntire and the people of the city we thank you. We wish you a safe return home, and many years of health and happiness."

Resolutions were adopted thanking the people of Charlottesville for the princely hospitality extended the Veterans during their stay here; the good women of the city, for their kindness and attention; the railroads for reduced rates offered; and the Boy Scouts and other organizations who contributed to the happiness and comfort of the old soldiers.

The final session of the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Virginia State Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, was

held this morning beginning at 10 o'clock at the Gleason Hotel, and State Commander Lee O. Miller, of Richmond presided.

A special feature of the meeting was the presence in the hall of a score or more of sponsors and maids-of-honor of the various camps throughout the State, and the Sons gave them a cordial, Virginia welcome.

Officers for the ensuing year were then elected as follows:

State Commander—R. A. Gilliam, of Montvale.

Brigade Commanders—First, John R. Saunders, of Richmond; second, H. E. Hagan, Jr., of Richmond; third, R. G. Larkin, of Roanoke; fourth, Homer Richey, of Charlottesville; fifth, E. P. Francis, of Madison.

The convention adjourned sine die after passing resolutions extending thanks to the local community for courtesies extended, the Daughters of the Confederacy for their indispensable aid and co-operation; the business men of the city for the time given and attention shown to visitors, and especially for the use of automobiles in accommodating the delegates and visitors.